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WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

By the same Author.



WILFRID CUMBERMEDE:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

1 vol. 12mo. Fourteen full page Illustrations. . \$1.75.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

BY

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL. D.

AUTHOR OF "WILFRID CUMBERMEDE," "ANNALS OF A QUIET NBIGHBOR-
HOOD," ETC.

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TO
L. P. M. D.

RECEIVE thine own ; for I and it are thine.
Thou know'st its story ; how for forty days —
Weary with sickness and with social haze,
(After thy hands and lips with love divine
Had somewhat soothed me, made the glory shine,
Though with a watery lustre,) more delays
Of blessedness forbid — I took my ways
Into a solitude, Invention's mine ;
There thought and wrote afar, and yet with thee.
Those days gone past, I came, and brought a book ;
My child, developed since in limb and look.
It came in shining vapors from the sea,
And in thy stead sung low sweet songs to me,
When the red life-blood labor would not brook.

G. M. D.

May, 1855.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

PART I.

Go thou into thy closet ; shut thy door ;
And pray to Him in secret : He will hear.
But think not thou, by one wild bound, to clear
The numberless ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the Father's likeness near,
And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear
That, step by step, their mounting flights passed o'er.
Be thou content if on thy weary need
There falls a sense of showers and of the spring ;
A hope that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed ;
For highest aspiration will not lead
Unto the calm beyond all questioning.

PART I.

SCENE I. — *A cell in a convent.* JULIAN *alone.*

Julian. **E**VENING again, slow creeping like a
 death!

And the red sunbeams fading from the wall,
On which they flung a sky, with streaks and bars,
Of the poor window-pane that let them in,
For clouds and shadings of the mimic heaven !
Soul of my cell, they part, no more to come.
But what is light to me, while I am dark !
And yet they strangely draw me, those faint hues,
Reflected flushes from the Evening's face,
Which as a bride, with glowing arms outstretched,
Takes to her blushing heaven him who has left
His chamber in the dim deserted east.
Through walls and hills I see it ! The rosy sea !
The radiant head half-sunk ! A pool of light,
As the blue globe had by a blow been broken,
And the insphered glory bubbled forth !

Or the sun were a splendid water-bird,
That flying furrowed with its golden feet
A flashing wake over the waves, and home !
Lo there ! — Alas, the dull blank wall ! — High up,
The window-pane a dead gray eye ! And night
Come on me like a thief ! — 'Tis best ; the sun
Has always made me sad. I'll go and pray :
The terror of the night begins with prayer.

(*Vesper bell.*) Call them that need thee ; I need not
thy summons ;

My knees would not so pain me when I kneel,
If only at thy voice my prayer awoke.
I will not to the chapel. When I find Him,
Then will I praise Him from the heights of peace ;
But now my soul is as a speck of life
Cast on the deserts of eternity ;
A hungering and a thirsting, nothing more.
I am as a child new-born, its mother dead,
Its father far away beyond the seas.
Blindly I stretch my arms and seek for him :
He goeth by me, and I see him not.
I cry to him : as if I sprinkled ashes,
My prayers fall back in dust upon my soul.

(*Choir and organ-music.*) I bless you, sweet sounds,
for your visitiᅡg.

What friends I have ! Prismatic harmonies
Have just departed in the sun's bright car,
And fair, convolved sounds troop in to me,
Stealing my soul with faint deliciousness.

Would they took shapes ! What levees I should hold !
How should my cell be filled with wavering forms !
Louder they grow, each swelling higher, higher ;
Trembling and hesitating to float off,
As bright air-bubbles linger, that a boy
Blows, with their interchanging, wood-dove hues,
Just throbbing to their flight, like them to die.
— Gone now ! Gone to the Hades of dead loves !

Is it for this that I have left the world ?
Left what, poor fool ? Is this, then, all that comes
Of that night when the closing door fell dumb
On music and on voices, and I went
Forth from the ordered tumult of the dance,
Under the clear cope of the moonless night,
Wandering away without the city-walls,
Between the silent meadows and the stars,
Till something woke in me, and moved my spirit,

And of themselves my thoughts turned towards God ;
When straight within my soul I felt as if
An eye was opened ; but I knew not whether
'Twas I that saw, or God that looked on me ?
It closed again, and darkness fell ; but not
To hide the memory ; that, in many failings
Of spirit and of purpose, still returned ;
And I came here at last to search for God.
Would I could find Him ! O, what quiet content
Would then absorb my heart, yet leave it free.

A knock at the door. Enter Brother ROBERT with a light.

Robert. Head in your hands as usual ! You will fret
Your life out, sitting moping in the dark.
Come, it is supper-time.

Julian. I will not sup to-night.

Robert. Not sup ! You'll never live to be a saint.

Julian. A saint ! The devil has me by the heel.

Robert. So has he all saints ; as a boy his kite,
Which ever struggles higher for his hold.
It is a silly devil to gripe so hard ;—
He should let go his hold, and then he has you.
If you'll not come, I'll leave the light with you.
Hark to the chorus ! Brother Stephen sings.

Chorus. *Always merry, and never drunk,
That's the life of the jolly monk.*

SONG.

They say the first monks were lonely men,
Praying each in his lonely den,
Rising up to kneel again,
Each a skinny male Magdalen,
Peeping scared from out his hole
Like a burrowing rabbit or a mole ;
But years ring changes as they roll.

Cho. *Now always merry, &c.*

When the moon gets up with her big round face,
Like Mistress Poll's in the market-place,
Down to the village below we pace ; —
We know a supper that wants a grace :
Past the curtseying women we go,
Past the smithy, all a-glow,
To the snug little houses at top of the row.

Cho. *For always merry, &c.*

And there we find, amongst the ale,
The fragments of a floating tale :
To piece them together we never fail ;
And we fit them rightly, I'll go bail.
And so we have them all in hand,
The lads and lasses throughout the land,
And we are the masters, — you understand ?

Cho. *So always merry, &c.*

Last night we had such a game of play
With the nephews and nieces over the way,

All for the gold that belonged to the clay
 That lies in lead till the judgment-day.
 The old man's soul they'd leave in the lurch ;
 But we saved her share for old Mamma Church.
 How they eyed the bag as they stood in the porch !

Cho. *O! always merry, and never drunk,
 That's the life of the jolly monk !*

Robert. The song is hardly to your taste, I see.

Where shall I set the light ?

Julian. I do not need it.

Robert. Come, come ! The dark is a hot-bed for
 fancies.

I wish you were at table, were it only
 To stop the talking of the men about you.
 You in the dark are talked of in the light.

Julian. Well, brother, let them talk ; it hurts not me.

Robert. No ; but it hurts your friend to hear them
 say,

You would be thought a saint without the trouble.
 You do no penance that they can discover ;
 You keep shut up, say some, eating your heart,
 Possessed with a bad conscience, the worst demon.
 You are a prince, say others, hiding here,
 Till circumstance that bound you, set you free.

To-night, there are some whispers of a lady
That would refuse your love.

Julian. Aye! What of her?

Robert. I hear no more than so; and that you came
To seek the next best service you could find:
Turned from the lady's door, and knocked at God's.

Julian. One part at least is true: I knock at God's;
He has not yet been pleased to let me in.
As for the lady — that is — so far true,
But matters little. Had I less to do,
This talking might annoy me; as it is,
Why, let the wind set there, if it pleases it;
I keep in-doors.

Robert. Gloomy as usual, brother!
Brooding on fancy's eggs. God did not send
The light that all day long gladdened the earth,
Flashed from the snowy peak, and on the spire
Transformed the weathercock into a star,
That you should gloom within stone walls all day.
At dawn to-morrow, take your staff, and come:
We will salute the breezes, as they rise
And leave their lofty beds, laden with odors
Of melting snow, and fresh damp earth, and moss;

Imprisoned spirits, which life-waking Spring
Lets forth in vapor through the genial air.
Come, we will see the sunrise ; watch the light
Leap from his chariot on the loftiest peak,
And thence descend triumphant, step by step,
The stairway of the hills. Free air and action
Will soon dispel these vapors of the brain.

Julian. My friend, if one should tell a homeless
boy, .

“There is your father’s house : go in and rest ;”
Through every open room the child would go,
Timidly looking for the friendly eye ;
Fearing to touch, scarce daring even to wonder
At what he saw, until he found his sire.
But gathered to his bosom, straight he is
The heir of all ; he knows it ’midst his tears.
And so with me : not having seen Him yet,
The light rests on me with a heaviness ;
All beauty wears to me a doubtful look ;
A voice is in the wind I do not know ;
A meaning on the face of the high hills
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A something is behind them : that is God.

These are his words, I doubt not, language strange ;
 These are the expressions of his shining thoughts ;
 And He is present, but I find Him not.

I have not yet been held close to his heart.

Once in his inner room, and by his eyes
 Acknowledged, I shall find my home in these,

'Mid sights familiar as a mother's smiles,

And sounds that never lose love's mystery.

Then they will comfort me. Lead me to Him !

Robert (pointing to the Crucifix in a recess). See,
 there is God revealed in human form !

Julian (kneeling and crossing). Alas, my friend ! —
 revealed — but as in nature :

I see the man ; I cannot find the God.

I know his voice is in the wind, his presence

Is in the Christ. The wind blows where it listeth ;

And there stands Manhood : and the God is there,

Not here, not here.

*[Pointing to his bosom. Seeing ROBERT'S bewildered look,
 and changing his tone.]*

You understand me not.

Without my need, you cannot know my want.

You will all night be puzzling to determine

With which of the old heretics to class me.
 But you are honest ; will not rouse the cry
 Against me. I am honest. For the proof,
 Such as will satisfy a monk, look here !
 Is this a smooth belt, brother ? And look here !
 Did one week's scourging seam my side like that ?
 I am ashamed to speak thus, and to show
 Things rightly hidden ; but in my heart I love you,
 And cannot bear but you should think me true.
 Let it excuse my foolishness. They talk
 Of penance ! Let them talk when they have tried,
 And found it has not even unbarred heaven's gate,
 Let out one stray beam of its living light,
 Or humbled that proud *I* that knows not God.
 You are my friend : — if you should find this cell
 Empty some morning, do not be afraid
 That any ill has happened.

Robert.

Well, perhaps

'Twere better you should go. I cannot help you,
 But I can keep your secret. God be with you. [*Goes.*

Julian. Amen. — A good man ; but he has not
 waked,

And seen the Sphinx's stony eyes fixed on him.

God veils it. He believes in Christ, he thinks ;
And so he does, as possible for him.
How he will wonder when he looks for heaven !
He thinks me an enthusiast, because
I seek to know God, and to hear his voice
Talk to my heart in silence ; as of old
The Hebrew king, when, still, upon his bed,
He lay communing with his heart ; and God
With strength in his soul did strengthen him, until
In his light he saw light. God speaks to men.
My soul leans towards him ; stretches forth its arms,
And waits expectant. Speak to me, my God ;
And let me know the living Father cares
For me, even me ; for this one of his children. —
Hast thou no word for me ? I am thy thought.
God, let thy mighty heart beat into mine,
And let mine answer as a pulse to thine.
See, I am low ; yea, very low ; but thou
Art high, and thou canst lift me up to thee.
I am a child, a fool before thee, God ;
But thou hast made my weakness as my strength.
I am an emptiness for thee to fill ;
My soul, a cavern for thy sea. I lie

Diffused, abandoning myself to thee. . . .

—— I will look up, if life should fail in looking.

Ah me ! A stream cut from my parent-spring !

Ah me ! A life lost from its father-life !

SCENE II. — *The refectory. The monks at table. A buzz of conversation. ROBERT enters, wiping his forehead, as if he had just come in.*

Stephen (speaking across the table). You see, my friend, it will not stand to logic ;
Or, if you like it better, stand to reason ;
For in this doctrine is involved a *cause*
Which for its very being doth depend
Upon its own *effect*. For, don't you see,
He tells me to have faith and I shall live ?
Have faith for what ? Why, plainly, that I shall
Be saved from hell by Him, and ta'en to heaven ;
What is salvation else ? If I believe,
Then He will save me. . . But this his *will*
Has no existence till that I believe ;
So there is nothing for my faith to rest on,
No object for belief. How can I trust
In that which is not ? Send the salad, Cosmo.

Besides, 'twould be a plenary indulgence ;
 To all intents save one, most plenary —
 And that the Church's coffer. 'Tis absurd.

Monk. 'Tis most absurd, as you have clearly shown.
 And yet I fear some of us have been nibbling
 At this same heresy. 'Twere well that one
 Should find it poison. I have no pique at him —
 But there's that Julian —

Stephen. Hush ! speak lower, friend.

Two Monks further down the table — in a low tone.

1st Monk. Where did you find her?

2d Monk. She was taken ill
 At the Star-in-the-East. I chanced to pass that way,
 And so they called me in. I found her dying.
 But ere she would confess and make her peace,
 She begged to know if I had ever seen
 About this neighborhood, a tall dark man,
 Moody and silent, with a little stoop
 As if his eyes were heavy for his shoulder,
 And a strange look of mingled youth and age, —

1st Monk. Julian, by ——

2d Monk. 'St — no names ! I had not seen him.
 I saw the death-mist gathering in her eye,

And urged her to proceed ; and she began ;
But went not far before delirium came,
With endless repetitions, hurrying forward,
Recoverings like a hound at fault. The past
Was running riot in her conquered brain ;
And there, with doors thrown wide, a motley group
Held carnival ; went freely out and in,
Meeting and jostling. But withal it seemed
As some confused tragedy went on ;
Till suddenly the lights sunk out ; the pageant
Went like a ghost ; the chambers of her brain
Lay desolate and silent. I can gather
This much, and nothing more. This Julian
Is one of some distinction ; probably rich,
And titled *Count*. He had a love-affair,
In good-boy, layman fashion, seemingly.
Give me the woman ; love is troublesome.
She loved him too, but false play came between,
And used this woman for her minister ;
Who never would have peached, but for a witness
Hidden behind some curtains in her heart
Of which she did not know. That same, her con-
science,

Has waked and blabbed so far ; but must conclude
Its story to some double-ghostly father,
For she is ghostly penitent by this.
Our consciences will play us no such tricks ;
They are the Church's, not our own. We must
Keep this small matter secret. If it should
Come to his ears, he'll soon bid us good-by —
A lady's love before ten heavenly crowns !
And so the world will have the benefit
Of the said wealth of his, if such there be.
I have told you, old Godfrey ; I tell none else
Until our Abbot comes.

1st Monk. That is to-morrow.

Another group near the bottom of the table, in which is ROBERT.

1st Monk. 'Tis very clear there's something wrong
with him.

Have you not marked that look, half scorn, half pity,
Which passes like a thought across his face,
When he has listened, seeming scarce to listen,
A while to our discourse ? — he never joins.

2d Monk. I know quite well. I stood beside him
once,
Some of the brethren near ; Stephen was talking.

He chanced to say the words, *Our Holy Faith*.
“Faith indeed! poor fools!” fell from his lips,
Half-muttered, and half-whispered, as the words
Had wandered forth unbidden. I am sure
He is an atheist at the least.

3d Monk (pale-faced and large eyed). And I
Fear he is something worse. I had a trance
In which the devil tempted me: the shape
Was Julian’s to the very finger-nails.
Non nobis, Domine! I overcame.
I am sure of one thing — music tortures him:
I saw him once, amidst the *Gloria Patri*,
When the whole chapel trembled in the sound,
Rise slowly as in ecstasy of pain,
And stretch his arms abroad, and clasp his hands,
Then slowly, faintingly, sink on his knees.

2d Monk. He does not know his rubric; stands
when others
Are kneeling round him. I have seen him twice
With his missal upside down.

4th Monk (plethoric and husky). He blew his nose
Quite loud on last Annunciation-day,
And choked our Lady’s name in the Abbot’s throat.

Robert. When he returns, we must complain ; and
beg
He'll take such measures as the case requires.

SCENE III. — *Julian's cell. An open chest. The lantern on a stool, its candle nearly burnt out. JULIAN lying on his bed, looking at the light.*

Julian. And so all growth that is not towards God
Is growing to decay. All increase gained
Is but an ugly, earthy, fungous growth.
'Tis aspiration as that wick aspires,
Towering above the light it overcomes,
But ever sinking with the dying flame.
O let me *live*, if but a daisy's life !
No toadstool life-in-death, no efflorescence !
Wherefore wilt thou not hear me, Lord of me ?
Have I no claim on thee ? True, I have none
That springs from me, but much that springs from
thee.
Hast thou not made me ? Liv'st thou not in me ?
I have done nought for thee, am but a want ;
But thou who art rich in giving, canst give claims ;
And this same need of thee, which thou hast given,
Is a strong claim on thee to give thyself,

And makes me bold to rise and come to thee.
Through all my sinning thou hast not recalled
This witness of thy fatherhood, to plead
For thee with me, and for thy child with thee.

Last night, as now, I seemed to speak with Him ;
Or was it but my heart that spoke for Him ?
"Thou mak'st me long," I said, "therefore wilt give ;
My longing is thy promise, O my God.
If, having sinned, I thus have lost the claim,
Why doth the longing yet remain with me,
And make me bold thus to besiege thy doors ?"

I thought I heard an answer : "Question on.
Keep on thy need ; it is the bond that holds
Thy being yet to mine. I give it thee,
A hungering and a fainting and a pain,
Yet a God-blessing. Thou art not quite dead
While this pain lives in thee. I bless thee with it.
Better to live in pain than die that death."

So I will live, and nourish this my pain ;
For oft it giveth birth unto a hope
That makes me strong in prayer. He knows it too.
Softly I'll walk the earth ; for it is his,
Not mine to revel in. Content I wait.

A still small voice I cannot but believe,
Says on within : God *will* reveal himself.

I must go from this place. I cannot rest.
It boots not staying. A desire like thirst
Awakes within me, or a new child-heart,
To be abroad on the mysterious earth,
Out with the moon in all the blowing winds.

'Tis strange that dreams of her should come again.
For many months I had not seen her form,
Save phantom-like on dim hills of the past,
Until I laid me down an hour ago ;
When twice through the dark chamber, full of eyes,
The dreamful fact passed orderly and true.
Once more I see the house ; the inward blaze
Of the glad windows half-quenched in the moon ;
The trees that, drooping, murmured to the wind,
“ Ah ! wake me not,” which left them to their sleep,
All save the poplar : it was full of joy,
So that it could not sleep, but trembled on.
Sudden as Aphrodite from the sea,
She issued radiant from the pearly night.
It took me half with fear — the glimmer and gleam
Of her white festal garments, haloed round

With denser moonbeams. On she came — and there
 I am bewildered. Something I remember
 Of thoughts that choked the passages of sound,
 Hurrying forth without their pilot-words ;
 Of agony, as when a spirit seeks
 In vain to hold communion with a man ;
 A hand that would and would not stay in mine ;
 A gleaming of her garments far away ;
 And then I know not what. The moon was low,
 When from the earth I rose ; my hair was wet,
 Dripping with dew —

Enter ROBERT cautiously.

Why, how now, Robert ?

[Rising on his elbow.

Robert (glancing at the chest). I see ; that's well.

Are you nearly ready ?

Fulian. Why ? What's the matter ?

Robert. You must go this night,

If you would go at all.

Fulian. Why must I go ?

Robert (turning over the things in the chest).

Here, put this coat on. Ah ! take that thing too.
 No more such head-gear ! Have you not a hat,

[Going to the chest again.

Or something for your head? There's such a hubbub
Got up about you! The Abbot comes to-morrow.

Julian. Ah, well! I need not ask. I know it all.

Robert. No, you do not. Nor is there time to tell
you.

Ten minutes more, they will be round to bar
The outer doors; and then — good-by, poor Julian!

JULIAN is rapidly changing his clothes.

Julian. Now I am ready, Robert. Thank you,
friend.

Farewell! God bless you! We shall meet again.

Robert. Farewell, dear friend! Keep far away from
this. [Goes.

*JULIAN follows him out of the cell, steps along a narrow
passage to a door, which he opens slowly. He goes out,
and closes the door behind him.*

SCENE IV. — *Night. The court of a country-inn. The ABBOT,
while his horse is brought out.*

Abbot. Now for a shrine to house this rich Ma-
donna,

Within the holiest of the holy place!

I'll have it made in fashion as a stable,

With porphyry pillars to a marble stall ;
And odorous woods, shaved fine like shaken hay,
Shall fill the silver manger for a bed,
Whereon shall lie the ivory Infant carved
By shepherd hands on plains of Bethlehem,
And o'er him shall bend the Mother mild,
In silken white, and coroneted gems.
Glorious ! But wherewithal I see not now —
The Mammon of unrighteousness is scant ;
Nor know I any nests of money-bees
That would yield half-contentment to my need.
Yet will I trust and hope ; for never yet
In journeying through this vale of tears have I
Projected pomp that did not blaze anon.

SCENE V. — *After midnight.* JULIAN seated under a tree on the
roadside.

Julian. So lies my journey — on into the dark.
Without my will I find myself alive,
And must go forward. Is it God that draws
Magnetic all the souls unto their home,
Travelling, they know not how, but unto God ?
It matters little what may come to me

Of outward circumstance, as hunger, thirst,
Social condition, yea, or love or hate ;
But what shall *I* be, fifty summers hence ?
My life, my being, all that meaneth *me*,
Goes darkling forward into something — what ?
O God, thou knowest. It is not my care.
If thou wert less than truth, or less than love,
It were a fearful thing to be and grow
We know not what. My God, take care of me.
Pardon and swathe me in an infinite love
Pervading and inspiring me, thy child.
And let thy own design in me work on,
Unfolding the ideal man in me !
Which being greater far than I have grown,
I cannot comprehend. I am thine, not mine.
One day, completed unto thine intent,
I shall be able to discourse with thee ;
For thy Idea, gifted with a self,
Must be of one with the mind where it sprang,
And fit to talk with thee about thy thoughts.
Lead me, O Father, holding by thy hand ;
I ask not whither, for it must be on.
This road will lead me to the hills, I think ;
And there I am in safety and at home.

SCENE VI. — *The Abbot's room. The ABBOT and one of the Monks.*

Abbot. Did she say *Julian*? Did she say the name?

Monk. She did.

Abbot. What did she call the lady? What?

Monk. I could not hear.

Abbot. Nor where she lived?

Monk. Nor that.

She was too wild for leading where I would.

Abbot. So. Send *Julian*. One thing I need not ask :

You have kept this matter secret?

Monk. Yes, my lord.

Abbot. Well, go, and send him hither.

[*MONK goes.*

Said I well,
That wish would burgeon into pomp for me?
That God will hear his own elect who cry?
Now for a shrine, so glowing in the means
That it shall draw the eyes by power of light!
So tender in conceit, that it shall draw

The heart by very strength of delicateness,
And move proud thought to worship !

I must act

With caution now ; must win his confidence ;
Question him of the secret enemies
That fight against his soul ; and lead him thus
To tell me, by degrees, his history.
So shall I find the truth, and lay foundation
For future acts, as circumstance requires.
For if the tale be true that he is rich,
And ——

Reënter MONK in haste and terror.

Monk. He 's gone, my lord ! His cell is empty.

Abbot (starting up). What ! You are crazy ! Gone !

His cell is empty !

Monk. 'Tis true as death, my lord.

Abbot. Heaven and hell ! It shall not be, I swear !
There is a plot in this ! You, sir, have lied !
Some one is in his confidence — who is it ?
Go rouse the convent. [MONK goes.]

He must be followed, found.

Hunt's up, friend Julian ! First your heels, old stag !
But by and by your horns, and then your side !

'Tis venison much too good for the world's eating.
I'll go and sift this business to the bran.
Robert and him I have sometimes seen together.
God's curse ! it shall fare ill with any man
That has connived at this, if I detect him.

SCENE VII. — *Afternoon. The mountains.* JULIAN.

Julian. Once more I tread thy courts, O God of
heaven !

I lay my hand upon a rock, whose peak
Is miles away, and high amidst the clouds.
Perchance I touch the mountain whose blue summit,
With the fantastic rock upon its side,
Stops the eye's flight from that high chamber-window
Where, when a boy, I used to sit and gaze
With wondering awe upon the mighty thing,
Terribly calm, alone, self-satisfied,
The *hitherto* of my child thoughts. Beyond,
A sea might roar around its base. Beyond,
Might be the depths of the unfathomed space,
This the earth's bulwark over the abyss.
Upon its very point I have watched a star
For a few moments crown it with a fire,

As of an incense-offering that blazed
Upon this mighty altar high uplift,
And then float up the pathless waste of heaven.
From the next window I could look abroad
Over a plain unrolled, which God had painted
With trees, and meadow-grass, and a large river,
Where boats went to and fro like water-flies,
In white and green ; but still I turned to look
At that one mount, aspiring o'er its fellows :
All here I saw — I knew not what was there.
O love of knowledge and of mystery,
Striving together in the heart of man !
“ Tell me, and let me know ; explain the thing.” —
Then when the courier-thoughts have circled round :
“ Alas ! I know it all ; its charm is gone ! ”
But I must hasten ; else the sun will set
Before I reach the smoother valley-road.
I wonder if my old nurse lives ; or has
Eyes left to know me with. Surely, I think,
Four years of wandering since I left my home,
In sunshine and in snow, in ship and cell,
Must have worn changes in this face of mine
Sufficient to conceal me, if I will.

SCENE VIII. — *A dungeon in the monastery. A ray of the moon on the floor.* ROBERT.

Robert. One comfort is, he's far away by this.
Perhaps this comfort is my deepest sin.
Where shall I find a daysman in this strife
Between my heart and holy Church's words?
Is not the law of kindness from God's finger,
Yea, from his heart, on mine? But then we must
Deny ourselves; and impulses must yield,
Be subject to the written law of words;
Impulses made, made strong, that we might have
Within the temple's court live things to bring
And slay upon his altar; that we may,
By this hard penance of the heart and soul,
Become the slaves of Christ. — I have done wrong;
I ought not to have let poor Julian go.
And yet that light upon the floor says, yes —
Christ would have let him go. It seemed a good,
Yes, self-denying deed, to risk my life
That he might be in peace. Still up and down
The balance goes, a good in either scale;
Two angels giving each to each the lie,

And none to part them or decide the question.
But still the *words* come down the heaviest
Upon my conscience as that scale descends ;
But that may be because they hurt me more,
Being rough strangers in the feelings' home.
Would God forbid us to do what is right,
Even for his sake? But then Julian's life
Belonged to God, to do with as He pleases.
I am bewildered. 'Tis as God and God
Commanded different things in different tones.
Ah ! then, the tones are different : which is likest
God's voice? The one is gentle, loving, kind,
Like Mary singing to her manged child ;
The other like a self-restrained tempest ;
Like — ah, alas ! — the trumpet on Mount Sinai,
Louder and louder, and the voice of *words*.
O for some light ! Would they would kill me ; then
I would go up, close up, to God's own throne,
And ask, and beg, and pray, to know the truth ;
And He would slay this ghastly contradiction.
I should not fear, for He would comfort me,
Because I am perplexed, and long to know.

But this perplexity may be my sin,
And come of pride that will not yield to Him.
O for one word from God! his own, and fresh
From Him to me! Alas! what shall I do?

END OF PART I.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

PART II.

HARK, hark, a voice amid the quiet intense !
It is thy Duty waiting thee without.
Rise from thy knees in hope, the half of doubt ;
A hand doth pull thee — it is Providence ;
Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence ;
Go forth into the tumult and the shout ;
Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about :
Of noise alone is born the inward sense
Of silence ; and from action springs alone
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.
Then, weary, go thou back with failing breath,
And in thy chamber make thy prayer and moan :
One day upon *His* bosom, all thine own,
Thou shalt lie still, embraced in holy death.

PART II.

SCENE I. — *A room in Julian's castle.* JULIAN and the old
NURSE.

Julian. NEMBRONI? Count Nembroni? —
I remember :

A man about my height, but stronger built?
I have seen him at her father's. There was something
I did not like about him. — Ah! I know :
He had a way of darting looks at one,
As if he wished to know you, but by stealth.

Nurse. The same, my lord. He is the creditor.
The common story is, he sought his daughter,
But sought in vain : the lady would not wed.
'Twas rumored soon they were in grievous trouble,
Which caused much wonder, for the family
Was always counted wealthy. Count Nembroni
Contrived to be the only creditor,
And so imprisoned him.

Julian. Where is the lady?

Nurse. Down in the town.

Julian. But where?

Nurse. If you turn left,
When you go through the gate, 'tis the last house
Upon this side the way. An honest couple,
Who once were almost pensioners of hers,
Have given her shelter, till she find a home
With distant friends. Alas, poor lady! 'tis
A wretched change for her.

Julian. Hm! ah! I see.
What kind of man is this Nembroni, Nurse?

Nurse. Here he is little known. His title comes
From an estate, they say, beyond the hills.
He looks ungracious: I have seen the children
Run to the doors when he came up the street.

Julian. Thank you, Nurse; you may go. Stay—
one thing more.
Have any of my people seen me?

Nurse. None.
But me, my lord.

Julian. And can you keep it secret? —
I know you will for my sake. I will trust you.
Bring me some supper; I am tired and faint.

[NURSE goes.]

Poor and alone ! Such a man has not laid
Such plans for nothing further. I will watch him.
Heaven may have brought me hither for her sake.
Poor child ! I would protect thee as thy father,
Who cannot help thee. Thou wast not to blame,
My love had no claim on like love from thee. —
How the old love comes gushing to my heart !

I know not what I can do yet but watch.
I have no hold on him. I cannot go,
Say, *I suspect* : and, *Is it so or not ?*
I should but injure them by doing so.
True, I might pay her father's debts ; and will,
If Joseph, my old friend, has managed well
During my absence. *I* have not spent much.
But still she'd be in danger from this man,
If not permitted to betray himself ;
And I, discovered, could no more protect.
Or if, unseen by her, I yet could haunt
Her footsteps like an angel, not for long
Should I remain unseen of other eyes,
That peer from under cowls — not angel-eyes —
Hunting me out, over the stormy earth.

No ; I must watch. I can do nothing better.

SCENE II. — *A poor cottage. An old Man and Woman sitting together.*

Man. How 's the poor lady now ?

Woman. She's poorly still.

I fancy every day she's growing thinner.

I am sure she's wasting steadily.

Man. Has the count
Been here again to-day ?

Woman. No. And I think
He will not come again. She was so proud
The last time he was here, you would have thought
She was a queen at least.

Man. Remember, wife,
What she has been. Trouble and that throws down
The common folk like us all of a heap :
With folks like her, that are high bred and blood,
It sets the mettle up.

Woman. All very right ;
But take her as she was, she might do worse
Than wed the Count Nembroni.

Man. Possible.
But are you sure there is no other man
Stands in his way ?

Woman. How can I tell? So be,
 He should be here to help her. What she'll do
 I am sure I do not know. We cannot keep her.
 And for her work, she does it far too well
 To earn a living by it. Her times are changed—
 She should not give herself such prideful airs.

Man. Come, come, old wife! you women are so
 hard

On one another! You speak fair for men,
 And make allowances; but when a woman
 Crosses your way, you speak the worst of her.
 But where is this you're going then to-night?
 Do they want me to go as well as you?

Woman. Yes, you must go, or else it is no use.
 They cannot give the money to me, except
 My husband go with me. He told me so.

Man. Well, wife, it's worth the going—just to
 see:

I don't expect a groat to come of it.

SCENE III. — *Kitchen of a small inn.* HOST and HOSTESS.

Host. That's a queer customer you've got up stairs;
 What the deuce is he?

Hostess. What is that to us ?

He always pays his way, and handsomely.

I wish there were more like him.

Host. Has he been

At home all day ?

Hostess. He has not stirred a foot

Across the threshold. That's his only fault —

He's always in the way.

Host. What does he do ?

Hostess. Paces about the room, or sits at the window.

I sometimes make an errand to the cupboard,

To see what he's about : he looks annoyed,

But does not speak a word.

Host. He must be crazed,

Or else in hiding for some scrape or other.

Hostess. He has a wild look in his eye sometimes ;

But sure he would not sit so much in the dark,

If he were mad, or anything on his conscience ;

And though he does not say much when he speaks

A civiller man ne'er came in woman's way.

Host. O ! he's all right, I warrant. Is the wine come ?

SCENE IV. — *The inn ; a room up stairs. JULIAN at the window, half hidden by the curtain.*

Julian. With what profusion her white fingers spend
Delicate motions on the insensate cloth !
It was so late this morning ere she came !
I fear she has been ill. She looks so pale !
Her beauty is much less, but she more lovely.
Do I not love her more than when that beauty
Beamed out like starlight, radiating beyond
The confines of her wondrous face and form,
And animated with a present power
'The outmost folds and waves of drapery ?

Ha ! there is something now : the old woman drest
In her Sunday clothes, and waiting at the door,
As for her husband. Something will follow this.
And here he comes, all in his best like her.
They will be gone a while. Slowly they walk,
With short steps down the street. Now I must wake
The sleeping hunter-eagle in my eyes !

SCENE V. — *A back street. Two Servants with a carriage and pair.*

1st Serv. Heavens, what a cloud ! as big as Ætna !

There !

That gust blew stormy. Take Juno by the head,

I'll stand by Neptune. Take her head, I say ;
 We'll have enough to do, if it should lighten.

2d Serv. Such drops ! That's the first of it. I
 declare

She spreads her nostrils and looks wild already,
 As if she smelt it coming. I wish we were
 Under some roof or other. I fear this business
 Is not of the right sort.

1st Serv. He looked as black
 As if he too had lightning in his bosom.
 There ! Down, you brute ! Mind the pole, Beppo !

SCENE VI. — *Julian's room.* JULIAN standing at the window,
 his face pressed against a pane. Storm and gathering dark-
 ness without.

Julian. Plague on the lamp ! 'tis gone — no, there
 it flares !

I wish the wind would leave or blow it out.
 Heavens ! how it thunders ! This terrific storm
 Will either cow or harden him. I'm blind !
 That lightning ! O, let me see again, lest he
 Should enter in the dark ! I cannot bear
 This glimmering longer. Now that gush of rain
 Has blotted all my view with crossing lights.

'Tis no use waiting here. I must cross over,
 And take my stand in the corner by the door.
 But if he comes while I go down the stairs,
 And I not see? To make sure, I'll go gently
 Up the stair to the landing by her door.

[He goes quickly towards the door.]

Hostess (opening the door and looking in). If you please,

Sir —

[He hurries past.]

The devil's in the man!

SCENE VII. — *The landing.*

Voice within. If you scream, I must muffle you.

Fulian (rushing up the stair). He is there!

His hand is on her mouth! She tries to scream!

[Flinging the door open, as NEMBRONI springs forward on the other side.]

Back!

Nembroni. What the devil! — Beggar!

[Drawing his sword, and making a thrust at JULIAN, which he parries with his left arm, as, drawing his dagger, he springs within NEMBRONI'S guard.]

Fulian (taking him by the throat). I have faced

worse storms than you. *[They struggle.]*

Heart point and hilt strung on the line of force,

[Stabbing him.]

Your ribs will not mail your heart !

[NEMBRONI *falls dead.* JULIAN *wipes his dagger on the dead man's coat.*

If men *will* be devils,
They are better in hell than here.

[*Lightning flashes on the blade.*

What a night
For a soul to go out of doors ! God in heaven !

[*Approaching the lady within.*

Ah ! she has fainted. That is well. I hope
It will not pass too soon. It is not far
To the half-hidden door in my own fence,
And that is well. If I step carefully,
Such rain will soon wash out the tell-tale foot-prints.
What ! blood ! *He* does not bleed much, I should
think.

O, I see ! it is mine — he has wounded me.
That's awkward now.

[*Taking a handkerchief from the floor by the window.*

Pardon me, dear lady ;

[*Tying the handkerchief with hand and teeth round his arm.*

'Tis not to save my blood I would defile
Even your handkerchief.

[*Coming towards the door, carrying her.*

I am pleased to think
Ten monkish months have not ta'en all my strength.

[*Looking out of the window on the landing.*

For once, thank darkness! 'Twas sent for us, not
him. [*He goes down the stair.*

SCENE VIII. — *A room in the castle.* JULIAN and the NURSE.

Julian. Ask me no questions now, my dear old
Nurse.

You have put your charge to bed?

Nurse. Yes, my dear lord.

Julian. And has she spoken yet?

Nurse. After you left,

Her eyelids half unclosed; she murmured once:

Where am I, mother? — then she looked at me,
And her eyes wandered over all my face;

Till half in comfort, half in weariness,

They closed again. Bless her, dear soul! she is
As feeble as a child.

Julian. Under your care,
She will recover soon. Let no one know

She is in the house: — blood has been shed for her.

Nurse. Alas! I feared it; for her dress is bloody.

Julian. That's mine, not his. But put it in the fire.
Get her another. I'll leave a purse with you.

Nurse. Leave?

Julian. Yes. I am off to-night, wander-
ing again

Over the earth and sea. She must not know
I have been here. You must contrive to keep
My share a secret. Once she moved and spoke
When a branch caught her ; but she could not see me.
She thought, no doubt, it was Nembroni had her.

Nor would she have known me. You must hide her,

Nurse.

Let her on no pretense know where she is,
Nor utter word that might awake a guess.
When she is well and wishes to be gone,
Then write to this address — but under cover

[*Writing.*

To the Prince Calboli at Florence. I
Will manage all the rest. But let her know
Her father is set free ; assuredly,
Ere you can give the news, it will be so.

Nurse. How shall I best conceal her, my good lord?

Julian. I have thought of that. There's a deserted
room

In the old south wing, at the further end
Of the oak gallery.

Nurse. Not deserted quite.

I ventured, when you left, to make it mine,
Because you loved it when a boy, my lord.

Fulian. You do not know, Nurse, why I loved it
though :

I found a sliding panel, and a door
Into a room behind. I'll show it you.
You'll find some musty traces of me yet,
When you go in. Now take her to your room,
But get the other ready. Light a fire,
And keep it burning well for several days.
Then, one by one, out of the other rooms,
Take everything to make it comfortable ;
Quietly, you know. If you must have your daughter,
Bind her to be as secret as yourself.
Then put her there. I'll let her father know
She is in safety. I must change my clothes,
And be far off or ever morning breaks. [NURSE goes.

My treasure-room ! how little then I thought,
Glad in my secret, one day it would hold
A treasure unto which I dared not come.

Perhaps she'd love me now — a very little? —
 But not with even a heavenly gift would I
 Go beg her love ; that should be free as light,
 Cleaving unto myself even for myself.
 I have enough to brood on, joy to turn
 Over and over in my secret heart :
 She lives, and is the better that I live.

Reënter NURSE.

Nurse. My lord, her mind is wandering ; she is
 raving ;
 She's in a dreadful fever. We must send
 To Arli for the doctor, else her life
 Will be in danger.

Julian (rising disturbed). Go and fetch your daughter.

Take her at once to your own room, and there
 I'll see her. Can you manage it between you ?

Nurse. O yes, my lord ; she is so thin, poor child !

[NURSE goes.]

Julian. I ought to know the way to treat a fever,
 If it be one of twenty. Hers has come
 Of low food, wasting, and anxiety.
 I've seen enough of that in Prague and Smyrna.

SCENE X. — *Towards morning. The Nurse's room. LILIA in bed.*
JULIAN watching.

Julian. I think she sleeps. Would God it were so ;
 then

She would do well. What strange things she has
 spoken !

My heart is beating as if it would spend
 Its life in this one night, and beat it out.
 No wonder ! there is more of life's delight
 In one hour such as this than many years ;
 For life is measured by intensity,
 Not by the how much of the crawling clock.

Is that a bar of moonlight stretched across
 The window-blind ? or is it but a band
 Of whiter cloth my thrifty dame has sewed
 Upon the other ? No ; it is the moon
 Low down in the west. 'Twas such a moon as this —

Lilia (half asleep, wildly). If Julian had been here,
 you dared not do it —

Julian ! Julian !

[*Half rising.*

Julian (forgetting his caution, and going up to her).

I am here, my Lilia. No.

Put your head down, my love. 'Twas all a dream,
A terrible dream. Gone now — is it not?

[She looks at him with wide restless eyes ; then sinks back on the pillow. He leaves her.]

How her dear eyes bewildered looked at me !
But her soul's eyes are closed. If this last long
She'll die before my sight, and Joy will lead
In by the hand her sister, Grief, pale-faced,
And leave her to console my solitude.
Ah, what a joy ! I dare not think of it !
And what a grief ! I will not think of that !
Love ? and from her ? my beautiful, my own !
O God, I did not know thou wert so rich
In making and in giving. I knew not
The gathered glory of this earth of thine.
O ! wilt thou crush me with an infinite joy ?
Make me a god by giving — making mine
Thy centre-thought of living beauty ? — sprung
From thee, and coming home to dwell with me !

[He leans on the wall.]

Lilia (softly). Am I in heaven ? There's some-
thing makes me glad,
As if I were in heaven ! Yes, yes, I am.

I see the flashing of ten thousand glories ;
 I hear the trembling of a thousand wings,
 That vibrate music on the murmuring air !
 Each tiny feather-blade crushes its pool
 Of circling air to sound, and quivers music.
 What is it, though, that makes me glad like this ?
 I knew, but cannot find it — I forget.
 It must be here — what was it ? Hark ! the fall,
 The endless going of the stream of life !
 Ah me ! I thirst, I thirst, — I am so thirsty !

[*Querulously.*

[*JULIAN gives her drink, supporting her. She looks at him again, with large wondering eyes.*

Ah ! now I know — I was so very thirsty !

[*He lays her down. She is comforted, and falls asleep. He extinguishes the light, and looks out of the window.*

Julian. The gray earth dawning up, cold, comfort-
 less ;

With an obtrusive *I am* written large

Upon its face !

[*Approaching the bed, and gazing on LILIA silently with clasped hands ; then returning to the window.*

She sleeps so peacefully ?

O God, I thank thee : thou hast sent her sleep.

Lord, let it sink into her heart and brain.

Enter NURSE.

O Nurse, I'm glad you're come. She is asleep.

You must be near her when she wakes again.

I think she'll be herself. But do be careful —

Right cautious how you tell her I am here.

Sweet woman-child, may God be in your sleep!

[JULIAN *goes.*

Nurse. Bless her white face! She looks just like
my daughter,

That's now a saint in heaven. Just those thin cheeks,
And eyelids hardly closed over her eyes!

Go on, poor darling! you are drinking life

From the breast of Sleep. And yet I fain would see

Your shutters open, for I then should know

Whether the soul had drawn her curtains back,

To peep at morning from her own bright windows.

Ah, what a joy is ready, waiting her,

To break her fast upon, if her wild dreams

Have but betrayed her secrets honestly!

Will he not give thee love as dear as thine?

SCENE XI. — *A hilly road.* STEPHEN, *trudging alone, pauses to look around him.*

Stephen. Not a footprint! not a trace that a blood-hound would nose at! But Stephen shall be acknowledged a good dog and true. If I had him within stick-length — mind thy head, brother Julian! Thou hast not hair enough to protect it, and thy tonsure shall not. Neither shalt thou tarry at Jericho. It is a poor man that leaves no trail; and if thou wert poor, I would not follow thee.

[*Sings.*

O! many a hound is stretching out
 His two legs or his four,
 Where the saddled horses stand about
 The court and the castle door;
 Till out comes the baron, jolly and stout,
 To hunt the bristly boar.

The emperor, he doth keep a pack
 In his antechambers standing,
 And up and down the stairs, good lack!
 And eke upon the landing:
 A straining leash, and a quivering back,
 And nostrils and chest expanding!

The devil a hunter long has been,
 Though Doctor Luther said it:

Of his canon-pack he was the dean,
 And merrily he led it :
 To fatten them up, when game is lean
 He keeps his dogs on credit.

Each man is a hunter to his trade,
 And they follow one another ;
 But such a hunter never was made
 As the monk that hunted his brother !
 And the runaway pig, alive or dead,
 Shall be eaten by its mother.

Better hunt a flea in a woolly blanket, than a leg-bail monk in this wilderness of mountains, forests, and precipices ! But the flea *may* be caught, and so *shall* the monk. I have said it. He is well spotted, with his silver crown, and his uncropped ears. The rascally vow-breaker ! But his vows shall keep him, whether he keep them or not. The whining, blubbering idiot ! Gave his plaything, and wants it back ! — I wonder whereabouts I am.

SCENE XII. — *The Nurse's room. LILIA sitting up in bed. JULIAN seated by her ; an open note in his hand.*

Lilia. Tear it up, Julian.

Julian. No ; I'll treasure it
 As the remembrance of a by-gone grief :
 I love it well, because it is *not* yours.

Lilia. Where have you been these long, long years
away?

You look much older. You have suffered, Julian!

Julian. Since that day, Lilia, I have seen much,
thought much;

Suffered perhaps a little. But of this

We'll say no more. When you are quite yourself,

I'll tell you all you want to know about me.

Lilia. Do tell me something now. I feel quite
strong;

It will not hurt me.

Julian. Wait a day or two.

Indeed 'twould weary you to tell you all.

Lilia. And I have much to tell you, Julian. I
Have suffered too — not all for my own sake.

[*Recalling something.*

O what a dream I had! O Julian! —

I don't know when it was. It must have been

Before you brought me here: I am sure it was.

Julian. Don't speak about it. Tell me afterwards.
You must keep quiet now. Indeed you must.

Lilia. I will obey you, and not speak a word.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Blessings upon her ! She's near well already.
Who would have thought, three days ago, to see
You look so bright ? My lord, you have done wonders.

Julian. 'Tis not my work, dame. I must leave
you now.

To please me, Lilia, go to sleep awhile.

[JULIAN goes.]

Lilia. Why does he always wear that curious cap ?

Nurse. I don't know. You must sleep.

Lilia. Yes. I forgot.

SCENE XIII. — *The Steward's room.* JULIAN and the STEWARD.
Papers on the table, which JULIAN has just finished examining.

Julian. Thank you much, Joseph ; you have done
well for me.

You sent that note privately to my friend ?

Steward. I did, my lord ; and have conveyed the
money,

Putting all things in train for his release,

Without appearing in it personally,

Or giving any clew to other hands.

He sent this message by my messenger :

His hearty thanks, and God will bless you for it.

He will be secret. For his daughter, she
Is safe with you as with himself; and so
God bless you both! He will expect to hear
From both of you from England.

Julian.

Well, again.

What money is remaining in your hands?

Steward. Two bags, three hundred each; that's all.

I fear

To wake suspicion, if I call in more.

Julian. Quite right. One thing besides: lest a
mischance

Befall us, though I do not fear it much, —
We have been very secret, — is that boat
I had before I left, in sailing trim?

Steward. I knew it was a favorite with my lord;
I've taken care of it. A month ago
With my own hands I painted it all fresh,
Fitting new oars and rowlocks. The old sail
I'll have replaced immediately; and then
'Twill be as good as new.

Julian.

That's excellent.

Well, launch it in the evening. Make it fast
To the stone steps behind my garden study.

Stow in the lockers some sea-stores, and put
The money in the old desk in the study.

Steward. I will, my lord. It will be safe enough.

SCENE XIV. — *A road near the town. A WAGONER. STEPHEN,
in lay dress, coming up to him.*

Stephen. Whose castle's that upon the hill, good
fellow ?

Wagoner. It's present owner's of the Uglii ;
They call him Lorenzino.

Stephen. Whose is that
Down in the valley ?

Wagoner. That is Count Lamballa's.

Stephen. What is his Christian name ?

Wagoner. Omfredo. No.
That was his father's ; his is Julian.

Stephen. Is he at home ?

Wagoner. No, not for many a day.
His steward, honest man, I know is doubtful
Whether he be alive ; and yet his land
Is better farmed than any in the country.

Stephen. He is not married, then ?

Wagoner. No. There's a gossip

Amongst the women — but who would heed their
talking? —

That love half crazed, then drove him out of doors,
To wander here and there, like a bad ghost,
Because a silly wench refused him — fudge !

Stephen. Most probably. I quite agree with you.
Where do you stop?

Wagoner. At the first inn we come to ;
You'll see it from the bottom of the hill.
There is a better at the farther end,
But then the stabling is not near so good.

Stephen. I must push on. Four legs can never go
Down hill so fast as two. Good-morning, friend.

Wagoner. Good-morning, sir.

Stephen (aside). I take the other inn.

SCENE XV.— *The Nurse's room. JULIAN and LILIA standing
near the window.*

Julian. But do you really love me, Lilia?

Lilia. Why do you make me say it so often, Julian?
You make me say *I love you*, oftener far
Than you say you love me.

Julian. Because mine seems

So much a love of mere necessity.
I can refrain from loving you no more
Than keep from waking when the sun shines full
Upon my face.

Lilia. And yet I love to say
How, how I love you, Julian !

[Leans her head on his arm. JULIAN winces a little. She raises her head and looks at him.]

Did I hurt you ?
Would you not have me lean my head on you ?
Julian. Come on this side, my love ; 'tis a slight
hurt
Not yet quite healed.

Lilia. Ah, my poor Julian ! how ?
I am so sorry ! O ! I do remember !
I saw it all quite plain ! It was no dream !
I saw you fighting ! But you did not kill him ?
Julian (calmly, but drawing himself up). I killed him
as I would a dog that bit you.
Lilia (turning pale, and covering her face with her hands). O, that is dreadful ; there is blood
on you !
Julian. Shall I go, Lilia ?

Lilia. O no, no, no, do not.
I shall be better presently.

Julian. You shrink
As from a murderer.

Lilia. O no, I love you —
Will never leave you. Pardon me, my Julian ;
But blood is very dreadful.

Julian (drawing her close to him). My sweet Lilia,
'Twas justly shed, for your defense and mine,
As it had been a tiger that I killed.
He had no right to live. Be at peace, darling ;
His blood lies not on me, but on himself ;
I do not feel its stain upon my conscience.

[*A tap at the door.*]

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. My lord, the steward waits on you, below.
[*JULIAN goes.*]
You have been standing till you're faint, my lady.
Lie down a little. There — I'll fetch you something.

SCENE XVI. — *The Steward's room.* JULIAN. *The STEWARD.*

Julian. Well, Joseph, that will do. I shall expect
To hear from you soon after my arrival.
Is the boat ready?

Steward. Yes, my lord ; afloat
Where you directed.

Julian. A strange feeling haunts me,
As of some danger near. Unlock it, and cast
The chain around the post. Muffle the oars.

Steward. I will, directly. [Goes.

Julian. How shall I manage it?
I have her father's leave, but have not dared
To tell her all ; and she must know it first.
She fears me half, even now : what will she think
To see my shaven head ? My heart is free —
I know that God absolves mistaken vows.
I looked for help in the high search from those
Who knew the secret place of the Most High.
If I had known, would I have bound myself
Brother to men from whose low, marshy minds
Never a lark springs to salute the day ?
The loftiest of them dreamers ; and the best

Content with goodness growing like moss on stones.

It cannot be God's will I should be such.

But there was more : they virtually condemned

Me in my quest ; would have had me content

To kneel with them around a wayside post,

Nor heed the pointing finger at its top?

It was the dull abode of foolishness.

Not such the house where God would train his children.

My very birth into a world of men

Shows me the school where He would have me learn ;

Shows me the place of penance ; shows the field

Where I must fight and die victorious,

Or yield and perish. True, I know not how

This will fall out : He must direct my way.

But then for her — she cannot see all this ;

Words will not make it plain ; and if they would,

The time is shorter than the words would need :

This overshadowing bodes nearing ill.

It *may* be only vapor, of the heat

Of too much joy engendered ; sudden fear

That the fair gladness is too good to live :

The wider prospect from the steep hill's crest,

The deeper to the gulf the cliff goes down.
But how will she receive it? Will she think
I have been mocking her? How could I help it?
Her illness and my danger! But, indeed,
So strong was I in truth, I never thought
Her doubts might prove a hindrance in the way.
My love did make her so a part of me,
I never dreamed she might judge otherwise,
Until our talk of yesterday. And now
Her horror at Nembroni's death confirms me:
To wed a monk will seem to her the worst
Of crimes which in a fever one might dream.
I cannot take the truth, and, bodily,
Hold it before her eyes. She is not strong.
She loves me not as I love her. But always —
There's Robert for an instance — I have loved
A life for what it might become, far more
Than for its present: there's a germ in her
Of something noble, much beyond her now:
Chance gleams betray it, though she knows it not.
This evening must decide it, come what will.

SCENE XVII. — *The inn ; the room which had been Julian's.*

STEPHEN, HOST, and HOSTESS. *Wine on the table.*

Stephen. Here, my good lady, let me fill your glass
Then pass it to your husband, if you please.

Hostess. I thank you, sir ; I hope it's to your taste ;
My husband's choice is praised. I cannot say
I am a judge myself.

Host. I'm confident
It needs but to be tasted.

Stephen (tasting critically, then nodding). That is
wine.

I quite congratulate you, my good sir,
Upon your exquisite judgment.

Host. Thank you, sir.

Stephen (to the HOSTESS). And so this man, you say,
was here until

The night the Count was murdered : did he leave
Before or after that ?

Hostess. I cannot tell.

He left before it was discovered though.
In the middle of the storm, like one possessed,
He rushed into the street, half tumbling me

Headlong down stairs. He never came again.
He had paid his bill that morning, luckily ;
So joy go with him ! Well, he was an odd one.

Stephen. What was he like, fair Hostess ?

Hostess. Tall and dark,
And with a lowering look about his brows.
He seldom spoke, but, when he did, was civil.
One queer thing was, he always wore his hat,
In-doors as well as out. I dare not say
He murdered Count Nembroni ; but it was strange
He always sat at that same window there,
And looked into the street. 'Tis not as if
There were much traffic in this village now ;
These are changed times ; but I have seen the day —

Stephen. Excuse me ; you were saying that the man
Sat at the window —

Hostess. Yes ; even after dark
He would sit on, and never call for lights.
The first night, I brought candles, as of course ;
He let me set them on the table, true ;
But soon's my back was turned, he put them out.

Stephen. Where is the lady ?

Hostess. That's the strangest thing

Of all the story : she has disappeared,
As well as he. There lay the Count, stone-dead,
White as my apron. The whole house was empty,
Just as I told you.

Stephen. Has no search been made ?

Host. The closest search ; a thousand pieces offered
For any information that should lead
To the murderer's capture. I believe his brother,
Who is his heir, they say, is still in town,
Seeking in vain for some intelligence.

Stephen. 'Tis very odd ; the oddest thing I've heard
For a long time. Send me a pen and ink ;
I have to write some letters.

Hostess (rising). Thank you, sir,
For your kind entertainment. You'll find ink
And paper on that table near the window.

[*Exeunt* HOST and HOSTESS.]

Stephen. We've found the badger's hole ; we'll draw
him next. He couldn't have gone far with her and
not be seen. My life on it, there are plenty of holes
and corners in the old house over the way. Run off
with a wench ! Holy brother Julian ! Contemptuous
brother Julian ! Stand-by-thyself brother Julian ! Run

away with a wench at last ! Well, there's a downfall ! He'll be for marrying her on the sly, and away ;—I know the old fox ;—for her conscience-sake, probably not for his. Well, one comfort is, it's damnation and no reprieve. The ungrateful, atheistical heretic ! As if the good old mother wasn't indulgent enough to the foibles of her children ! The worthy lady has winked so hard at her dutiful sons, that she's nearly blind with winking. There's nothing in a little affair with a girl now and then ; but to marry, and knock one's vows on the head ! Therein is displayed a little ancestral fact, as to a certain respectable progenitor, commonly portrayed as the knight of the cloven foot. *Keep back thy servant*, etc. — Purgatory couldn't cleanse that ; and more, 'twill never have the chance. Heaven be about us from harm ! Amen. I'll go find the new Count. The Church shall have the castle and estate ; Revenge, in the person of the new Count, the body of Julian ; and Stephen may as well have the thousand pieces as not.

SCENE XVIII. — *Night. The Nurse's room.* LILIA; to her
JULIAN.

Lilia. How changed he is! Yet he looks very noble.

Enter JULIAN.

Julian. My Lilia, will you go to England with me?

Lilia. Julian, my father!

Julian. Not without his leave.

He says, God bless us both.

Lilia. Leave him in prison?

Julian. No, Lilia; he's at liberty and safe,
And far from this ere now.

Lilia. You have done this,
My noble Julian. I will go with you
To sunset, if you will. My father gone!
Julian, there's none to love me now but you.
You *will* love me, Julian? — always?

Julian. I but fear
That your heart, Lilia, is not big enough
To hold the love wherewith my heart would fill it.

Lilia. I know why you think that; and I deserve it.
But try me, Julian. I was very silly.

I could not help it. I was ill, you know ;
Or weak at least. May I ask you, Julian,
How your arm is to-day ?

Julian. Almost well, child.

'Twill leave an ugly scar, though, I'm afraid.

Lilia. Never mind that, if it be well again.

Julian. I do not mind it ; but when I remember
That I am all yours, then I grudge that scratch
Or stain should be upon me — soul, body, yours.
And there are more scars on me now than I
Should like to make you own, without confession.

Lilia. My poor, poor Julian ! Never think of it ;

[*Putting her arms round him.*]

I will but love you more. I thought you had
Already told me suffering enough ;
But not the half, it seems, of your adventures.
You have been a soldier !

Julian. I have fought, my Lilia.

I have been down amongst the horses' feet ;
But strange to tell, and harder to believe,
Arose all sound, unmarked with bruise, or blood
Save what I lifted from the gory ground.

[*Sighing.*]

My wounds are not of such.

[LILIA, loosening her arms, and drawing back a little with a kind of shrinking, looks a frightened interrogation.]

No. Penance, Lilia ;

Such penance as the saints of old inflicted
Upon their quivering flesh. Folly, I know ;
As a lord would exalt himself, by making
His willing servants into trembling slaves.
Yet I have borne it.

Lilia (*laying her hand on his arm*). Ah, alas, my
Julian !

You have been guilty.

Julian. Not what men call guilty,
Save it be now ; now you will think I sin.
Alas, I have sinned much ! but not in this.
Lilia, I have been a monk.

Lilia. A monk ! [*Turning pale.*
I thought — [*Faltering.*
Julian, — I thought you said . . . did you not
say . . . ? [*Very pale, brokenly.*

I thought you said . . . [*With an effort.*

I was to be your wife !

[*Covering her face with her hands, and bursting into tears.*

Julian (speaking low and in pain). And so I did.

Lilia (hopefully and looking up). Then you've had dispensation?

Julian. God has absolved me, though the Church will not.

He knows it was in ignorance I did it.

Rather would He have men to do his will,

Than keep a weight of words upon their souls,

Which they laid there, not graven by his finger.

The vow was made to him — to him I break it.

Lilia (weeping bitterly). I would . . . your words were true . . . but I do know . . .

It never can . . . be right to break a vow ;

If so, men might be liars every day ;

You'd do the same by me, if we were married.

Julian (in anguish). 'Tis ever so. Words are the living things !

There is no spirit — save what's born of words !

Words are the bonds that of two souls make one !

Words the security of heart to heart !

God, make me patient ! God, I pray thee, God !

Lilia (not heeding him). Besides, we dare not ; you would find the dungeon

Gave late repentance ; I should weep away
My life within a convent.

Fulian. Come to England,
To England, Lilia.

Lilia. Men would point, and say :
There go the monk and his wife ; if they, in truth,
Called me not by a harder name than that.

Fulian. There are no monks in England.

Lilia. But will that
Make right what's wrong ?

Fulian. Did I say so, my Lilia ?
I answered but your last objections thus ;
I had a different answer for the first.

Lilia. No, no ; I cannot, cannot, dare not do it.

Fulian. Lilia, you will not doubt my love ; you
cannot.

I would have told you all before, but thought,
Foolishly, you would feel the same as I ; —
I have lived longer, thought more, seen much more ;
I would not hurt your body, less your soul,
For all the blessedness your love can give :
For love's sake weigh the weight of what I say.
Think not that *must* be right which you have heard
From infancy — it *may* —

Enter the STEWARD in haste, pale, breathless, and bleeding.

Steward. My lord, there's such an uproar in the town !

They call you murderer and heretic.

The officers of justice, with a monk,

And the new Count Nembroni, accompanied

By a fierce mob with torches, howling out

For justice on you, madly cursing you !

They caught a glimpse of me as I returned,

And stones and sticks flew round me like a storm ;

But I escaped them, old man as I am,

And was in time to bar the castle-gates.

Would Heaven we had not cast those mounds, and
shut

The river from the moat ! [*Distant yells and cries.*]

Escape, my lord !

Julian (calmly). Will the gates hold them out awhile,
my Joseph ?

Steward. A little while, my lord ; but those damned
torches !

O for twelve feet of water round the walls !

Julian. Leave us, good Joseph ; watch them from a
window,

And tell us of their progress.

[JOSEPH goes. *Sounds approach.*

Farewell, Lilia !

[*Putting his arm round her. She stands like stone.*

Fear of a coward's name shall not detain me.
 My presence would but bring down evil on you,
 My heart's beloved ; yes, all the ill you fear,
 The terrible things that you have imaged out
 If you fled with me. They will not hurt you,
 If you be not polluted by my presence.

[*Light from without flares on the wall.*

They've fired the gate. [An outburst of mingled cries.

Steward (entering). They've fired the gate, my lord !

Julian. Well, put yourself in safety, my dear
 Joseph.

You and old Agata tell all the truth,
 And they'll forgive you. It will not hurt me ;
 I shall be safe — you know me — never fear.

Steward. God grant it may be so. Farewell, dear
 lord ! [Is going.

Julian. But add, it was in vain ; for the signora
 Would not consent ; therefore I fled alone.

[LILIA stands as before.

Steward. It is too true. Good-by good-by, my master!
[*Goes.*]

Julian. Put your arms round me once, my Lilia.

What! not once? not once at parting?

[*Rushing feet up the stairs, and along the galleries.*]

O God! farewell!

[*He clasps her to his heart; leaves her; pushes back the panel, flings open the door, enters, and closes them behind.*]

LILIA starts suddenly from her fixed bewilderment, and flies after him, but forgets to close the sliding panel. Her voice from the inner room, calling.

Lilia. Julian! Julian!

[*The trampling of feet and clamor of voices. The door of the room is flung open. Enter the foremost of the mob.*]

1st. I was sure I saw light here. There it is, burning still.

2d. Nobody here! Praise the devil! he minds his own. Look under the bed, Gian.

3d. Nothing there.

4th. Another door! Another door! He'll soon be in hell if he's there. (*As he tries to open the door.*) The devil had better leave him, to make up the fire at home — he'll be cold by and by. (*Rushes into the inner room.*) Follow me, boys! [*The rest follow.*]

Voices from within. I have him. I have him. Curse your claws! Why do you fix on me, you crab? You won't pick up the fiend-spawn so easily, I can tell you. Bring the light there, will you? (*One runs out for the light.*) A trap! a trap! and a stair, down in the wall! the hell-faggot's gone! After him, after him, like storm-drift!

[*Sound of descending footsteps. Others rush in with torches and follow.*]

SCENE XIX. — *The river-side.* LILIA seated in the boat; JULIAN handing her the bags.

Julian. There, my love — take care, — 'tis heavy. Put them right in the middle of the boat: 'Tis excellent ballast.

[*A loud shout. He steps in and casts the chain loose, then pushes gently off.*]

Look how the torches gleam
Amongst the trees. Thank God, we have escaped!

[*He rows swiftly off. The torches come nearer, with cries of search.*]

(*In a low tone.*) Slip down, my Lilia; lie at full length

In the bottom of the boat ; your dress is white,
 And would return the torches' glare. I fear
 The damp night-air will hurt you, dressed like this.

[Pulling off his coat, and wrapping her in it.

Now for a strong pull with my muffled oars !
 The water mutters Spanish in its sleep.
 My beautiful ! my bride ! my spirit's wife !
 God-given, and God-restored ! my heart exults,
 Dauncing round thee, my beautiful ! my soul !
 Once round the headland, I will set the sail ;
 And the fair wind blows right adown the stream.
 Dear wind, dear stream, dear stars, dear heart of all,
 White angel lying in my little boat !
 Strange that my boyhood's skill with sail and helm,
 Oft steering safely 'twixt the winding banks,
 Should make me rich with womanhood and life !

[The boat disappears round the headland. JULIAN singing in his heart.

SONG.

Thou hast been blowing leaves, O wind of strife !
 Wan, curled, boat-like leaves, that ran and fled ;
 Unresting yet, though folded up from life ;
 Sleepless, though cast among the unwaking dead.
 Out to the ocean fleet and float ;
 Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat.

O wind of strife ! to us a wedding wind !
O cover me with kisses of her mouth ;
Blow thou our souls together, heart and mind ;
 To narrowing northern lines, blow from the south.
 Out to the ocean fleet and float ;
 Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat.

Thou hast been blowing many a drifting thing
 From circling cove down to the unsheltered sea ;
Thou blowest to the sea my blue sail's wing,
 Us to a new love-lit futurity.
 Out to the ocean fleet and float,
 Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat.

END OF PART II.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

PART III.

AND weep not, though the Beautiful decay
 Within thy heart, as daily in thine eyes ;
 Thy heart must have its autumn, its pale skies,
Leading, mayhap, to winter's dim dismay.
Yet doubt not. Beauty doth not pass away ;
 Her form departs not, though her body dies.
 Secure beneath the earth the snowdrop lies,
Waiting the spring's young resurrection-day,
Through the kind nurture of the winter cold.
 Nor seek thou by vain effort to revive
 The summer time, when roses were alive ;
Do thou thy work — be willing to be old :
Thy sorrow is the husk that doth enfold
 A gorgeous June, for which thou need'st not strive.

PART III.

Time: *Five years later.*

SCENE I. — *Night. London. A large meanly furnished room ; a single candle on the table ; a child asleep in a little crib. JULIAN sits by the table, reading in a low voice out of a book. He looks older, and his hair is lined with gray ; his eyes look clearer.*

Julian. WHAT is this ? let me see ; 'tis called
“The Singer :”

“Melchah stood looking on the corpse of his son, and spoke not. At length he broke the silence and said : ‘He hath told his tale to the Immortals.’ Abdiel, the friend of him that was dead, asked him what he meant by the words ? The old man, still regarding the dead body, spake as follows :—

“Three years ago, I fell asleep on the summit of the hill Yarith ; and there I dreamed a dream. I thought I lay at the foot of a cliff, near the top of a great mountain ; for beneath me were the clouds, and above me, the heavens deep and dark. And I heard voices sweet and strong ; and I lifted up my eyes, and lo ! over against me, on a rocky slope, some seated, each on his own crag, some reclining between the fragments, I saw a hundred majestic forms, as of men who had striven and conquered. Then I heard one say : ‘What wouldst thou sing unto us, young man ?’ A youthful voice replied, tremblingly : ‘A song which

I have made for my singing.' 'Come, then, and I will lead thee to the hole in the rock: enter and sing.' From the assembly came forth one whose countenance was calm unto awfulness; but whose eyes looked in love, mingled with doubt, on the face of a youth whom he led by the hand towards the spot where I lay. The features of the youth I could not discern; either it was the indistinctness of a dream, or I was not permitted to behold them. And lo! behind me was a great hole in the rock, narrow at the entrance, but deep and wide within; and when I looked into it I shuddered; for I thought I saw, far down, the glimmer of a star. The youth entered and vanished. His guide strode back to his seat, and I lay in terror near the mouth of the vast cavern. When I looked up once more, I saw all the men leaning forward, with head aside, as if listening intently to a far-off sound. I likewise listened; but though much nearer than they, I heard nothing; but I could see their faces change, like waters in a windy and half-cloudy day. Sometimes, though I heard nought, it seemed to me as if one sighed and prayed beside me; and once I heard a clang of music triumphant in hope; but I looked up, and lo! it was the listeners who stood on their feet and sang. They ceased, sat down, and listened as before. At last one approached me, and I ventured to question him. 'Sir,' I said, 'wilt thou tell me what it means?' And he answered me thus: 'The youth desired to sing to the Immortals. It is a law with us that no one shall sing a song who cannot be the hero of his tale — who cannot live the song that he sings; for what right hath he else to devise great things, and to take holy deeds in his mouth? Therefore he enters the cavern where God weaves the garments of souls, and there he lives in the forms of his own tale; for God gives them being that he may be tried. The sighs which thou didst hear were his longings after his own Ideal; and thou didst hear him praying for the Truth he beheld, but could not reach. We sang, because in his first great battle, he strove well and overcame. We await the next.'

A deep sleep seemed to fall upon me ; and when I awoke, I saw the Immortals standing with their eyes fixed on the mouth of the cavern. I arose and turned towards it likewise. The youth came forth. His face was worn and pale, as that of the dead man before me ; but his eyes were open, and tears trembled within them. Yet not the less was it the same face, the face of my son, I tell thee ; and in joy and fear I gazed upon him. With a weary step he approached the Immortals. But he who had led him to the cave hastened to meet him, spread forth his arms and embraced him, and said unto him : 'Thou hast told a noble tale ; sing to us now what songs thou wilt.' Therefore said I, as I gazed on my son : 'He hath told his tale to the Immortals.' "

[He puts the book down ; meditates awhile ; then rises and walks up and down the room.]

And so five years have poured their silent streams,
Flowing from fountains in eternity,
Into my soul, which, as an infinite gulf,
Hath swallowed them ; whose living caves they feed ;
And time to spirit grows, transformed and kept.
And now the day draws nigh when Christ was
born ;
The day that showed how like to God himself
Man had been made, since God could be revealed
By one that was a man with men, and still
Was one with God the Father ; that men might
By drawing nigh to Him draw nigh to God,

Who had come near to them in tenderness.

O God! I thank thee for the friendly eye,

That oft hath opened on me these five years ;

Thank thee for those enlightenings of my spirit,

That let me know thy thought was towards me ;

Those moments fore-enjoyed from future years,

Telling what converse I should hold with God.

I thank thee for the sorrow and the care,

Through which they gleamed, bright phosphorescent
sparks

Crushed from the troubled waters, borne on which

Through mist and dark my soul draws nigh to thee.

Five years ago, I prayed in agony

That thou wouldst speak to me. Thou wouldst not
then,

With that close speech I craved so hungrily.

Thy inmost speech is heart embracing heart ;

And thou wert all the time instructing me

To know the language of thy inmost speech.

I thought thou didst refuse, when every hour

Thou spakest every word my heart could hear,

Though oft I did not know it was thy voice.

My prayer arose from lonely wastes of soul ;

As if a world far-off in depths of space,
Chaotic, had implored that it might shine
Straightway in sunlight as the morning star.
My soul must be more pure, ere it could hold
With thee communion. 'Tis the pure in heart
That shall see God. As if a well that lay
Unvisited, till water-weeds had grown
Up from its depths, and woven a thick mass
Over its surface, could give back the sun !
Or, dug from ancient battle-plain, a shield
Could be a mirror to the stars of heaven !
And though I am not yet come near to Him,
I know I am more nigh ; and am content
To walk a long and weary road to find
My Father's house once more. Well may it be
A long and weary — I had wandered far.
My God, I thank thee, thou dost care for me.
I am content, rejoicing to go on,
Even when my home seems very far away ;
For over grief, and aching emptiness,
And fading hopes, a higher joy arises.
In cloudiest nights, one lonely spot is bright,
High overhead, through folds and folds of space ;

It is the earnest-star of all my heavens ;
And tremulous in the deep well of my being
Its image answers, gazing eagerly.

Alas, my Lilia ! But I'll think of Jesus,
Not of thee now ; Him who hath led my soul
Thus far upon its journey home to God.
By poor attempts to do the things He said,
Faith has been born ; free will become a fact ;
And love grown strong to enter into his,
And know the spirit that inhabits there.
One day his truth will spring to life in me,
And make me free, as God says " I am free."
When I am like Him, then my soul will dawn
With the full glory of the God revealed —
Full as to me, though but one beam from Him ;
The light will shine, for I shall comprehend it :
In his light I shall see light. God can speak,
Yea, *will* speak to me then, and I shall hear.
Not yet like Him, how can I hear his words ?

[Stopping by the crib, and bending over the child.]

My darling child ! God's little daughter, drest
In human clothes, that light may thus be clad
In shining, so to reach my human eyes !

Come as a little Christ from heaven to earth,
To call me *father*, that my heart may know
What *father* means, and turn its eyes to God !
Sometimes I feel, when thou art clinging to me,
How all unfit this heart of mine to have
The guardianship of a bright thing like thee,
Come to entice, allure me back to God
By flitting round me, gleaming of thy home,
And radiating of thy purity
Into my stained heart ; which unto thee
Shall ever show the father, answering
The divine childhood dwelling in thine eyes.
O how thou teachest me with thy sweet ways,
All ignorant of wherefore thou art come,
And what thou art to me, my heavenly ward,
Whose eyes have drunk that secret place's light,
And pour it forth on me ! God bless his own !

[He resumes his walk, singing in a low voice.]

My child woke crying from her sleep :
 I bended o'er her bed,
And soothed her, till in slumber deep
 She from the darkness fled.

And as beside my child I stood,
 A still voice said in me, —
 “Even thus thy Father, strong and good,
 Is bending over thee.”

SCENE II. — *Rooms in Lord Seaford's house. A large company :
 dancers ; gentlemen looking on.*

1st Gentleman. Henry, what dark-haired queen is
 that ? She moves

As if her body were instinct with thought,
 Moulded to motion by the music's waves,
 As floats the swan upon the swelling lake ;
 Or as in dreams one sees an angel move,
 Sweeping on slow wings through the buoyant air,
 Then folding them, and turning on his track.

2d. You seem inspired ; nor can I wonder at it ;
 She is a glorious woman ; and such eyes !
 Think — to be loved by such a woman now !

1st. You have seen her, then, before ; what is her
 name ?

2d. I saw her once ; but could not learn her name.

3d. She is the wife of an Italian count,
 Who for some cause, political I think,
 Took refuge in this country. His estates
 The Church has eaten up, as I have heard :
 Mephisto says the Church has a good stomach.

But rises still, that she is not my wife —
 Not truly, lawfully. I hoped the child
 Would kill that fancy ; but I fear instead,
 She thinks I have begun to think the same —
 Thinks that it lies a heavy weight of sin
 Upon my heart. Alas, my Lilia !
 When every time I pray, I pray that God
 Would look and see that thou and I be one !

Lily (starting up in her crib). O, take me ! take
 me !

Julian (going up to her with a smile). What is the
 matter with my little child ?

Lily. I don't know, father ; I was very frightened.

Julian. 'Twas nothing but a dream. Look — I am
 with you.

Lily. I am wake now ; I know you're there ; but
 then

I did not know it.

[*Smiling.*

Julian. Lie down, then, darling. Go to sleep
 again.

Lily (beseechingly). Not yet. I will not go to sleep
 again ;

It makes me so, so frightened. Take me up,

And let me sit upon your knee. Where's mother?
I cannot see her.

Julian. She's not at home, my child;
But soon she will be back.

Lily. But if she walk
Out in the dark streets — so dark, it will catch her.

Julian. She will not walk; — but what would catch
her, sweet?

Lily. I don't know. Tell me a story till she
comes.

*Julian (taking her, and sitting with her on his knees
by the fire).* Come then, my little Lily, —
I will tell you
A story I have read this very night.

[*She looks in his face.*]

There was a man who had a little boy,
And when the boy grew big, he went and asked
His father to give him a purse of money.
His father gave him such a large purse full!
And then he went away and left his home.
You see he did not love his father much.

Lily. O! didn't he? If he had he wouldn't have
gone.

Julian. Away he went, far, far away he went,
Until he could not even spy the top
Of the great mountain by his father's house.
And still he went away, away, as if
He tried how far his feet could go away ;
Until he came to a city huge and wide,
Like London here.

Lily. Perhaps it was London.

Julian. Perhaps it was, my child. And there he
spent

All, all his father's money, buying things
That he had always told him were not worth,
And not to buy them ; but he would and did.

Lily. How very naughty of him !

Julian. Yes, my child.
And so when he had spent his last few pence,
He grew quite hungry. But he had none left
To buy a piece of bread. And bread was scarce ;
Nobody gave him any. He had been
Always so idle, that he could not work.
But at last some one sent him to feed swine.

Lily. Swine !

Julian. Yes, swine : 'twas all that he could do ;

And he was glad to eat some of their food.

[*She stares at him.*]

But at the last, hunger and waking love
Made him remember his old happy home.
“ How many servants in my father’s house
Have plenty, and to spare ! ” he said. “ I’ll go
And say, ‘ I have done very wrong, my father ;
I am not worthy to be called your son ;
Put me among your servants, father, please. ’ ”
Then he rose up and went ; but thought the road
So much, much farther to walk back again,
When he was tired and hungry. But at last
He saw the blue top of the great big hill
That stood beside his father’s house ; and then
He walked much faster. But a great way off,
His father saw him coming, lame and weary
With his long walk ; and very different
From what he had been. All his clothes were hang-
ing
In tatters, and his toes stuck through his shoes —

[*She bursts into tears.*]

Lily (sobbing). Like that poor beggar I saw yester-
day?

Julian. Yes, my dear child.

Lily. And was he dirty, too?

Julian. Yes, very dirty; he had been so long
Among the swine.

Lily. Is it all true though, father?

Julian. Yes, my darling; all true, and truer far
Than you can think.

Lily. What was his father like?

Julian. A tall, grand, stately man.

Lily. Like you, dear father?

Julian. Like me, only much grander.

Lily. I love you
The best though. *[Kissing him.]*

Julian. Well, all dirty as he was,
And thin, and pale, and torn, with staring eyes,
His father knew him, the first look, far off,
And ran so fast to meet him! put his arms
Around his neck and kissed him.

Lily. O, how dear!
I love him too; — but not so well as you.

[Sound of a carriage drawing up.]

Julian. There is your mother.

Lily. I am glad, so glad!

Enter LILIA, looking pale.

Lilia. You naughty child, why are you not in bed ?

Lily (pouting). I am not naughty. I am afraid to
go,

Because you don't go with me into sleep ;
And when I see things, and you are not there,
Nor father, I am so frightened, I cry out,
And stretch my hands, and so I come awake.
Come with me into sleep, dear mother ; come.

Lilia. What a strange child it is ! There,
(*kissing her*) go to bed. [*Laying her down.*]

Julian (gazing on the child). As thou art in thy
dreams without thy mother,
So are we lost in life without our God.

SCENE IV. — LILIA *in bed.* *The room lighted from a gas-lamp in the street ; the bright shadow of the window on the wall and ceiling.*

Lilia. O, it is dreary, dreary ! All the time
My thoughts would wander to my dreary home.
Through every dance, my soul walked evermore
In a most dreary dance through this same room.
I saw these walls, this carpet ; and I heard,
As now, his measured step in the next chamber,

Go pacing up and down, and I shut out!
He is too good for me, I weak for him.
Yet if he put his arms around me once,
And held me fast as then, kissed me as then,
My soul, I think, would come again to me,
And pass from me in trembling love to him.
But he repels me now. He loves me, true,—
Because I am his wife : he ought to love me ;
Me, the cold statue, thus he drapes with duty.
Sometimes he waits upon me like a maid,
Silent with watchful eyes. O ! would to Heaven,
He used me like a slave bought in the market !
Yes, used me roughly ! So, I were his own ;
And words of tenderness would falter in,
Relenting from the sternness of command.
But I am not enough for him : he needs
Some high-entranced maiden, ever pure,
And thronged with burning thoughts of God and him.
So, as he loves me not, his deeds for me
Lie on me like a sepulchre of stones.
Italian lovers love not so ; but he
Has German blood in those great veins of his.
He never brings me now a little flower.

He sings low wandering sweet songs to the child ;
But never sings to me what the voice-bird
Sings to the silent, sitting on the nest.

I would I were his child, and not his wife !
How I should love him then ! Yet I have thoughts
Fit to be women to his mighty men ;
And he would love them, if he saw them once.

Ah, there they come, the visions of my land !
The long sweep of a bay, white sands, and cliffs
Purple above the blue waves at their feet.
Down the full river comes a light-blue sail ;
And down the near hill-side come country girls,
Brown, rosy, laden light with glowing fruits ;
Down to the sands come ladies, young, and clad
For holiday ; in whose hearts wonderment
At manhood is the upmost, deepest thought ;
And to their side come stately, youthful forms,
Italy's youth, with burning eyes and hearts :
Triumphant Love is lord of the bright day.
Yet one heart, under that blue sail, would look
With pity on their poor contentedness ;
For he sits at the helm, I at his feet.
He sung a song, and I replied to him.

His song was of the wind that blew us down
From sheltered hills to the unsheltered sea.
Ah ! little thought my heart that the wide sea,
Where I should cry for comforting in vain,
Was the expanse of his wide awful soul,
To which that wind was helpless drifting me !
I would he were less great, and loved me more.
I sung to him a song, broken with sighs,
For even then I feared the time to come :
“ O will thine eyes shine always, love, as now ?
And will thy lips for aye be sweetly curved ? ”
Said my song, flowing unrhymed from my heart.
“ And will thy forehead, ever, sunlike, bend,
And suck my soul in vapors up to thee ?
Ah ! love ! I need love, beauty, and sweet odors.
Thou livest on the hoary mountains ; I
In the warm valley, with the lily pale,
Shadowed with mountains and its own great leaves ;
Where odors are the sole invisible clouds
Making the heart weep for deliciousness.
Will thy eternal mountain always bear
Blue flowers upspringing at the glacier’s foot ?
Alas ! I fear the storms, the blinding snow,

The vapors which thou gatherest round thy head,
Wherewith thou shuttest up thy chamber-door.

And goest from me into loneliness.”

Ah me, my song ! it is a song no more !

He is alone amidst his windy rocks ;

I wandering on a low and dreary plain !

[She weeps herself asleep.]

SCENE V. — LORD SEAFORD, *alternately writing at a table and composing at his pianoforte.*

SONG.

Eyes of beauty, eyes of light,
Sweetly, softly, sadly bright !
Draw not, ever, o'er my eye,
Radiant mists of ecstasy.

Be not proud, O glorious orbs !
Not your mystery absorbs ;
But the starry soul that lies
Looking through your night of eyes.

One moment, be less perfect, sweet ;
 Sin once in something small ;
One fault to lift me on my feet
 From love's too perfect thrall !

For now I have no soul ; a sea
 Fills up my caverned brain,
Heaving in silent waves to thee,
 The mistress of that main.

O angel ! take my hand in thine ;
 Unfold thy shining silver wings ;
Spread them around thy face and mine,
 Close curtained in their murmurings.

But I should faint with too much bliss
 To be alone in space with thee ;
Except, O dread ! one angel-kiss
 In sweetest death should set me free.

O beautiful devil, tempt me, tempt me on,
 Till thou hast won my soul in sighs ;
I'll smile with thee upon thy flaming throne,
 If thou wilt keep those eyes.

And if the moanings of untold desires
 Should charm thy pain of one faint sting ;
I will arise amid the scorching fires,
 I will arise and sing.

O what is God to me ? He sits apart
 Amidst the clear stars, passionless and cold.
Divine ! thou art enough to fill my heart ;
 O fold me in thy heaven, sweet love, enfold.

With too much life, I fall before thee dead.
 With holding thee, my sense consumes in storm.
Thou art too keen a flame, too hallowed
 For any temple but thy holy form.

SCENE VI. — *Julian's room next morning; no fire.* JULIAN
stands at the window, looking into a London fog.

Julian. And there are mountains on the earth, far-
off ;

Steep precipices laved at morn in wind
From the blue glaciers fresh ; and falls that leap,
Springing from rock to pool abandonedly ;
And all the spirit of the earth breathed out,
Bearing the soul, as on an altar-flame,
Aloft to God. And there is woman-love —
Far off, ah me ! *[Sitting down wearily.*

The heart of earth's delight
Withered from mine ! O for a desert sea,
The cold sun flashing on the sailing icebergs !
Where I might cry aloud on God, until
My soul burst forth upon the wings of pain
And fled to Him. A numbness as of death
Enfolds me. As in sleep I walk. I live,
But my dull soul can hardly keep awake.
Yet God is here as on the mountain-top,
Or on the desert sea, or lonely isle ;
And I should know Him here, if Lilia loved me,

As once I thought she did. But can I blame her ?
The change has been too much for her to bear.
Can poverty make one of two hearts cold,
And warm the other with the love of God ?
But then I have been silent, often moody,
Drowned in much questioning ; and she has thought
That I was tired of her, while more than all
I pondered how to wake her living soul.
She cannot think why I should haunt my chamber,
Except a goaded conscience were my grief ;
Thinks not of aught to gain, but all to shun.
Deeming, poor child, that I repent me thus
Of that which makes her mine for evermore,
It is no wonder if her love grow less.
Then I am older much than she ; and this
Fever, I think, has made me old indeed
Before my fortieth year ; although, within,
I seem as young as ever to myself.
O my poor Lilia ! thou art not to blame ;
I'll love thee more than ever ; I will be
So gentle to thy heart where love lies dead !
For carefully men ope the door, and walk
With silent footfall through the room where lies,

Exhausted, sleeping, with its travail sore,
The body that erewhile hath borne a spirit.
Alas, my Lilia ! where is dead Love's child ?

I must go forth and do my daily work.
I thank thee, God, that it is hard sometimes
To do my daily labor; for, of old,
When men were poor, and could not bring thee much,
A turtle-dove was all that thou didst ask ;
And so in poverty, and with a heart
Oppressed with heaviness, I try to do
My day's work well to thee, — my offering :
That He has taught me, who one day sat weary
At Sychar's well. Then home when I return,
I come without upbraiding thoughts to thee.
Ah ! well I see man need not seek for penance —
Thou wilt provide the lamb for sacrifice ;
Thou only wise enough to teach the soul,
Measuring out the labor and the grief,
Which it must bear for thy sake, not its own.
He neither chose his glory, nor devised
The burden He should bear ; left all to God ;
And of them both God gave to Him enough.
And see the sun looks faintly through the mist ;

It cometh as a messenger to me.

My soul is heavy, but I will go forth ;

My days seem perishing, but God yet lives

And loves. I cannot feel, but will believe

[He rises and is going. LILIA enters, looking weary.]

Look, my dear Lilia, how the sun shines out !

Lilia. Shines out indeed ! Yet 'tis not bad for England.

I would I were in Italy, my own ! *[Weeps.]*

Julian. 'Tis the same sun that shines in Italy.

Lilia. But never more will shine upon us there.

It is too late ; all wishing is in vain !

But would that we had not so ill deserved

As to be banished from fair Italy !

Julian. Ah ! my dear Lilia, do not, do not think That God is angry when we suffer ill.

'Twere terrible indeed, if 'twere in anger.

Lilia. Julian, I cannot feel as you. I wish I felt as you feel.

Julian. God will hear you, child,
If you will speak to Him. But I must go. •
Kiss me, my Lilia.

[She kisses him mechanically. He goes with a sigh.]

Lilia. It is plain to see
He tries to love me, but is weary of me. [*She weeps.*]

Enter LILY.

Lily. Mother, have you been naughty? Mother,
dear! [*Pulling her hand from her face.*]

SCENE VII. — *Julian's room. Noon. LILIA at work; LILY playing in a closet.*

Lily (running up to her mother). Sing me a little
song; please, mother dear.

[*LILIA, looking off her work, and thinking with fixed eyes for a few moments, sings.*]

SONG:

Once I was a child,
Oimè!
Full of frolic wild;
Oimè!
All the stars for glancing,
All the earth for dancing;
Oimè! Oimè!

When I ran about,
Oimè!
All the flowers came out,
Oimè!
Here and there like stray things,
Just to be my playthings.
Oimè! Oimè!

Mother's eyes were deep,
Oimè !
Never needing sleep,
Oimè !
Morning — they're above me !
Eventide — they love me !
Oimè ! Oimè !

Father was so tall !
Oimè !
Stronger he than all !
Oimè !
On his arm he bore me,
Queen of all before me.
Oimè ! Oimè !

Mother is asleep :
Oimè !
For her eyes so deep,
Oimè !
Grew so tired and aching,
They could not keep waking.
Oimè ! Oimè !

Father, though so strong,
Oimè !
Laid him down along —
Oimè !
By my mother sleeping ;
And they left me weeping,
Oimè ! Oimè !

Now nor bird, nor bee,
 Oimè !
 Ever sings to me !
 Oime !
 Since they left me crying,
 All things have been dying.
 Oimè ! Oimè !

[LILY looks long in her mother's face, as if wondering what the song could be about ; then turns away to the closet. After a little she comes running with a box in her hand.]

Lily. O mother, mother ! there's the old box I had
 So long ago, and all my cups and saucers,
 And the farm-house and cows. O, some are broken.
 Father will mend them for me, I am sure.
 I'll ask him when he comes to night — I will :
 He can do everything, you know, dear mother.

SCENE VIII. — *A merchant's counting-house.* JULIAN *preparing to go home.*

Julian. I would not give these days of common
 toil,
 This murky atmosphere that creeps and sinks
 Into the very soul, and mars its hue —
 Not for the evenings when with gliding keel
 I cut a pale-green track across the west —

Pale-green, and dashed with snowy white, and spotted
With sunset crimson ; when the wind breathed low,
So low it hardly swelled my xebec's sails,
That pointed to the south, and wavered not,
Erect upon the waters. Jesus said
His followers should have a hundred fold
Of earth's most precious things, with suffering.
In all the laborings of a weary spirit,
I have been bless'd with gleams of glorious things.
The sights and sounds of nature touch my soul,
No more look in from far. I never see
Such radiant, filmy clouds, gathered about
A gently opening eye into the blue,
But swells my heart, and bends my sinking knee,
Bowing in prayer. The setting sun, before,
Signed only that the hour for prayer was come,
Where now it moves my inmost soul to pray.

On this same earth He walked ; even thus He looked
Upon its thousand glories ; read them all ;
In splendor let them pass on through his soul,
And triumph in their new beatitude,
Finding a heaven of truth to take them in ;
But walked on steadily through pain to death.

Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
Feeling than song ; but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God's making ;
Or but a table, on which God's finger of flame,
In words harmonious, of triumphant verse,
That mingles joy and sorrow, sets down clear,
That out of darkness He hath called the light.
It may be voice to such is after given,
To tell the mighty tale to other worlds.

O, I am blest in sorrows with a hope
That steeps them all in glory ; as gray clouds
Are bathed in light of roses ; yea, I were
Most blest of men, if I were now returning
To Lilia's heart as presence. O my God,
I can but look to thee. And then the child !
Why should my love to her break out in tears ?
Why should she be only a consolation,
And not an added joy, to fill my soul
With gladness overflowing in many voices
Of song, and prayer — and weeping only when
Words fainted 'neath the weight of utterance ?

SCENE IX.— LILIA *preparing to go out*. LILY.

Lily. Don't go to-night again.

Lilia. Why, child, your father
Will soon be home ; and then you will not miss me.

Lily. O, but I shall though ; and he looks so sad
When you're not here.

Lilia (aside). He cannot look much sadder
Than when I am. I am sure 'tis a relief
To find his child alone when he returns.

Lily. Will you go, mother ? Then I'll go and cry
Till father comes. He'll take me on his knee,
And tell such lovely tales : you never do —
Nor sing me songs made all for my own self.
He does not kiss me half so many times
As you do, mother ; but he loves me more.
Do you love father, too ? I love him *so* !

Lilia (ready). There's such a pretty book ! Sit on
the stool,
And look at the pictures till your father comes.

[Goes.

Lily (putting the book down, and going to the window).
I wish he would come home. I wish he would.

Enter JULIAN.

O, there he is ! [Running up to him,
O, now I am so happy ! [Laughing.
I had not time to watch before you came.

Julian (taking her in his arms). I am very glad to
have my little girl;

I walked quite fast to come to her again.

Lily. I do, *do* love you. Shall I tell you something?
Think I should like to tell you. 'Tis a dream
That I went into, somewhere in last night.
I was alone — quite ; — you were not with me,
So I must tell you. 'Twas a garden, like
That one you took me to, long, long ago,
When the sun was so hot. It was not winter,
But some of the poor leaves were growing tired
With hanging there so long. And some of them
Gave it up quite, and so dropped down and lay
Quiet on the ground. And I was watching them.
I saw one falling — down, down — tumbling down —
Just at the earth — when suddenly it spread
Great wings and flew. It was a butterfly,
So beautiful with wings, black, red, and white —

[Laughing heartily]

I thought it was a crackly, withered leaf.
Away it flew! I don't know where it went.
And so I thought, I have a story now
To tell dear father when he comes to Lily.

Julian. Thank you, my child ; a very pretty dream. But I am tired — will you go find another — Another dream somewhere in sleep for me ?

Lily. O yes, I will. Perhaps I cannot find one.

[*He lays her down to sleep ; then sits musing.*]

Julian. What shall I do to give it life again ? To make it spread its wings before it fall, And lie among the dead things of the earth ?

Lily. I cannot go to sleep. Please, father, sing The song about the little thirsty lily.

[*JULIAN sings.*]

SONG.

Little white Lily
 Sat by a stone,
 Drooping and waiting
 Till the sun shone.
 Little white Lily
 Sunshine has fed ;
 Little white Lily
 Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
 Said, " It is good :
 Little white Lily's
 Clothing and food !
 Little white Lily
 Drest like a bride !
 Shining with whiteness,
 And crowned beside ! "

Little white Lily
Droopeth in pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup ;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, " Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain !
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool ;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full ! "

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet :
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
" Thanks to the sunshine !
Thanks to the rain !
Little white Lily
Is happy again ! "

[He is silent for a moment ; then goes and looks at her.]

Julian. She is asleep, the darling ! Easily
Is Sleep enticed to brood on childhood's heart.
Gone home unto thy Father for the night !

[He returns to his seat.]

I have grown common to her. It is strange —
This commonness — that, as a blight, eats up
All the heart's springing corn and promised fruit.

[Looking round.]

This room is very common : everything
Has such a well known look of nothing in it ;
And yet when first I called it hers and mine,
There was a mystery inexhaustible
About each trifle on the chimney-shelf.
But now the gilt is nearly all worn off.
Even she, the goddess of the wonder world,
Seems less mysterious and worshipful :
No wonder I am common in her eyes.
Alas ! what must I think ? Is this the true ?
Was that the false that was so beautiful ?
Was it a rosy mist that wrapped it round ?
Or was love to the eyes as opium,
Making all things more beautiful than they were ?
And can that opium do more than God
To waken beauty in a human brain ?
Is this the real, the cold, undraped truth ;
A skeleton admitted as a guest
At life's loud feast, wearing a life-like mask ?

No, no ; my heart would die if I believed it.
A blighting fog uprises with the days,
False, cold, dull, leaden, gray. It clings about
The present, far dragging like a robe ; but ever
Forsakes the past, and lets its hues shine out :
On past and future pours the light of heaven.
The Commonplace is of the present mind.
The Lovely is the True. The Beautiful
Is what God made. Men from whose narrow bosoms
The great child-heart has withered, backward look
To their first-love, and laugh, and call it folly, -
A mere delusion to which youth is subject,
As childhood to diseases. They know better ;
And proud of their denying, tell the youth,
On whom the wonder of his being shines,
That will be over with him by and by :
“ I was so when a boy — look at me now ! ”
Youth, be not one of them, but love thy love.
So with all worship of the high and good,
And pure and beautiful. These men are wiser !
Their god, Experience, but their own decay ;
Their wisdom but the gray hairs gathered on them.
Yea, some will mourn and sing about their loss,

And for the sake of sweet sounds cherish it,
Nor yet believe that it was more than seeming.
But he in whom the child's heart hath not died,
Hath grown a man's heart, loveth yet the Past ;
Believes in all its beauty ; knows the hours
Will melt the mist ; and though this very day
Casts but a dull stone on Time's heaped-up cairn,
A morning light will break one morn and draw
The hidden glories of a thousand hues
Out from its crystal depths and ruby spots
And sapphire veins, unseen, unknown, before.
Far in the future lies his refuge. Time
Is God's, and all its miracles are his ;
And in the Future he overtakes the Past,
Which was a prophecy of times to come :
There lie great flashing stars, the same that shone
In childhood's laughing heaven ; there lies the wonder
In which the sun went down and moon arose ;
The joy with which the meadows opened out
Their daisies to the warming sun of spring ;
Yea, all the inward glory, ere cold fear
Froze, or doubt shook the mirror of his soul.
To reach it, he must climb the present slope

Of this day's duty — here he would not rest.
But all the time the glory is at hand,
Urging and guiding — only o'er its face
Hangs ever, pledge and screen, the bridal veil :
He knows the beauty radiant underneath ;
He knows that God who is the living God,
The God of living things, not of the dying,
Would never give his child, for God-born love,
A cloud-made phantom, fading in the sun.
Faith vanishes in sight ; the cloudy veil
Will melt away, destroyed of inward light.

If thy young heart yet lived, my Lilia, thou
And I might, as two children, hand in hand,
Go home unto our Father. I believe
It only sleeps, and may be wakened yet.

SCENE X. — *Julian's room. Christmas Day; early morn.* JU-
LIAN.

Julian. The light comes feebly, slowly, to the
world
On this one day that blesses all the year,
Just as it comes on any other day :
A feeble child He came, yet not the less

Brought godlike childhood to the aged earth,
Where nothing now is common any more.
All things had hitherto proclaimed God :
The wide-spread air ; the luminous mist that hid
The far horizon of the fading sea ;
The low persistent music evermore
Flung down upon the sands, and at the base
Of the great rocks that hold it as a cup ;
All things most common ; the furze, now golden, now
Opening dark pods in music to the heat
Of the high summer sun at afternoon ;
The lone black tarn upon the round hill-top,
O'er which the gray clouds brood like rising smoke,
Sending its many rills, o'erarched and hid,
Singing like children down the rocky sides ; —
Where shall I find the most unnoticed thing,
For that sung God with all its voice of song ?
But men heard not, they knew not God in these ;
To their strange speech unlistening ears were strange ;
For with a stammering tongue and broken words,
With mingled falsehoods and denials loud,
Man witnessed God unto his fellow-man :
How then himself the voice of Nature hear ?

Or how himself be heeded, when, the leader,
He in the chorus sang in discord vile ?
When prophet lies, how shall the people preach ?
But when He came in poverty, and low,
A real man to half-unreal men,
A man whose human thoughts were all divine,
The head and upturned face of human kind —
Then God shone forth from all the lowly earth,
And men began to read their Maker there.
Now the Divine descends, pervading all.
Earth is no more a banishment from heaven ;
But a lone field among the distant hills,
Well ploughed and sown, whence corn is gathered
home.

Now, now we feel the holy mystery
That permeates all being : all is God's ;
And my poor life is terribly sublime.
Where'er I look, I am alone in God,
As this round world is wrapt in folding space ;
Behind, before, begin and end in Him :
So all beginnings and all ends are hid ;
And He is hid in me, and I in Him.

O what a unity, to mean them all ! —

The peach-dyed morn ; cold stars in colder blue
Gazing across upon the sun-dyed west ;
While the cold wind is running o'er the graves.
Green buds, red flowers, brown leaves, and ghostly
snow ;

The grassy hills, breeze-haunted on the brow ;
And sandy deserts hung with stinging stars.
Half vanished hangs the moon, with daylight sick,
Wan-faced and lost and lonely : daylight fades —
Blooms out the pale eternal flower of space,
The opal night, whose odors are gray dreams —
Core of its petal-cup, the radiant moon.

All, all the unnumbered meanings of the earth,
Changing with every cloud that passes o'er ;
All, all, from rocks slow crumbling in the frost
Of Alpine deserts, isled 'in stormy air,
To where the pool in warm brown shadow sleeps,
The stream, sun-ransomed, dances in the sun ;
All, all, from polar seas of jeweled ice,
To where she dreams out gorgeous flowers — all, all
The unlike children of her single womb —
O, my heart labors with infinitude !
All, all the messages that these have borne

To eyes and ears, and watching, listening souls ;
And all the kindling cheeks and swelling hearts,
That since the first-born, young, attempting day,
Have gazed and worshipped ! What a unity,
To mean each one, yet fuse the each in all !
O centre of all forms ? O concord's home !
O world alive in one condensed world !
O face of Him, in whose heart lay concealed
The fountain thought of all this kingdom of heaven !
Lord, thou art infinite, and I am thine !

I sought my God ; I pressed importunate ;
I spoke to Him, I cried, and in my heart
It seemed He answered me. I said, "O, take
Me nigh to thee, thou mighty life of life !
I faint, I die ; I am a child alone
'Mid the wild storm, the brooding desert night."

"Go thou, poor child, to Him who once, like thee,
Trod the highways and deserts of the world."

"Thou sendest me then, wretched, from thy sight !
Thou wilt not have me — I am not worth thy care !"

"I send thee not away ; child, think not so ;
From the cloud resting on the mountain peak,
I call to guide thee in the path by which

Thou mayst come soonest home unto my heart.
I, I am leading thee. Think not of Him
As He were one and I were one ; in Him
Thou wilt find me, for He and I are one.
Learn thou to worship at his lowly shrine,
And see that God dwelleth in lowliness."

I came to Him ; I gazed upon his face ;
And lo ! from out his eyes God looked on me !
Yea, let them laugh ! I *will* sit at his feet,
As a child sits upon the ground, and looks
Up in his mother's face. One smile from Him,
One look from those sad eyes, is more to me
Than to be lord myself of hearts and thoughts.
O perfect made through the reacting pain
In which thy making force recoiled on thee !
Whom no less glory could make visible
Than the utter giving of thyself away,
Without a thought of grandeur in the deed,
More than a child embracing from full heart !
Lord of thyself and me through the sore grief,
Which thou didst bear to bring us back to God,
Or rather, bear in being unto us
Thy own pure shining self of love and truth !

When I have learned to think thy radiant thoughts,
To love the truth beyond the power to know it,
To bear my light as thou thy heavy cross,
Nor ever feel a martyr for thy sake,
But an unprofitable servant still, —
My highest sacrifice my simplest duty
Imperative and unavoidable,
Less than which *All*, were nothingness and waste ;
When I have lost myself in other men,
And found myself in thee — the Father then
Will come with thee, and will abide with me.

SCENE XI. — LILIA *teaching* LADY GERTRUDE. *Enter* LORD SEAFORD. LILIA *rises. He places her a chair, and seats himself at the instrument ; plays a low, half-melancholy, half-defiant prelude, and sings.*

SONG.

“ Look on the magic mirror ;
A glory thou wilt spy :
Be with thine heart a sharer,
But go not thou too nigh ;
Else thou wilt rue thine error,
With a tear-filled, sleepless eye.”

The youth looked on the mirror,
And he went not too nigh ;

And yet he rued his error,
With a tear-filled, sleepless eye ;
For he could not be a sharer
Of what he there did spy.

He went to the magician,
Upon the morrow morn.
“Mighty,” was his petition,
“Look not on me in scorn ;
But one last gaze elysian,
Lest I should die forlorn !”

He saw her in her glory,
Floating upon the main.
Ah me ! the same sad story !
The darkness and the rain !
If I live till I am hoary,
I shall never laugh again.

She held the youth enchanted,
Till his trembling lips were pale,
And his full heart heaved and panted
To utter all its tale :
Forward he rushed, undaunted —
And the shattered mirror fell.

[He rises and leaves the room. LILLA weeping.]

END OF PART III.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

PART IV.

AND should the twilight darken into night,
And sorrow grow to anguish, be thou strong ;
Thou art in God, and nothing can go wrong
Which a fresh life-pulse cannot set aright.
That thou dost know the darkness, proves the light.
Weep if thou wilt, but weep not all too long ;
Or weep and work, for work will lead to song.
But search thy heart, if, hid from all thy sight,
There lie no cause for beauty's slow decay ;
If for completeness and diviner youth,
And not for very love, thou seek'st the truth ;
If thou hast learned to give thyself away
For love's own self, not for thyself, I say :
Were God's love less, the world were lost, in sooth.

PART IV.

SCENE I. — *Summer. Julian's room. JULIAN is reading out of a book of poems.*

LOVE me, beloved : the thick clouds lower ;
A sleepiness filleth the earth and air ;
The rain has been falling for many an hour ;
A weary look the summer doth wear :
Beautiful things that cannot be so ;
Loveliness clad in the garments of woe.

Love me, beloved : I hear the birds ;
The clouds are lighter ; I see the blue ;
The wind in the leaves is like gentle words
Quietly passing 'twixt me and you ;
The evening air will bathe the buds
With the soothing coolness of summer floods.

Love me, beloved : for, many a day,
Will the mist of the morning pass away ;
Many a day will the brightness of noon
Lead to a night that hath lost her moon ;
And in joy or in sadness, in autumn or spring,
Thy love to my soul is a needful thing.

Love me, beloved : for thou mayest lie
Dead in my sight, 'neath the same blue sky ;

Love me, O love me, and let me know
The love that within thee moves to and fro ;
That many a form of thy love may be
Gathered around thy memory.

Love me, beloved : for I may lie
Dead in thy sight, 'neath the same blue sky ;
The more thou hast loved me, the less thy pain,
The stronger thy hope till we meet again ;
And forth on the pathway we do not know,
With a load of love, my soul would go.

Love me, beloved : for one must lie
Motionless, lifeless, beneath the sky ;
The pale stiff lips return no kiss
To the lips that never brought love amiss ;
And the dark brown earth be heaped above
The head that lay on the bosom of love.

Love me, beloved ; for both must lie
Under the earth and beneath the sky ;
The world be the same when we are gone ;
The leaves and the waters all sound on ;
The spring come forth, and the wild flowers live,
Gifts for the poor man's love to give ;
The sea, the lordly, the gentle sea,
Tell the same tales to others than thee ;
And joys, that flush with an inward morn,
Irradiate hearts that are yet unborn ;
A youthful race call our earth their own,
And gaze on its wonders from thought's high throne,
Embraced by fair Nature, the youth will embrace
The maid beside him, his queen of the race :

When thou and I shall have passed away
Like the foam-flake thou lookedst on yesterday.

Love me, beloved : for both must tread
On the threshold of Hades, the house of the dead ;
Where now but in thinkings strange we roam,
We shall live and think, and shall be at home ;
The sights and the sounds of the spirit land
No stranger to us than the white sea-sand,
Than the voice of the waves, and the eye of the moon,
Than the crowded street in the sunlit noon.
I pray thee to love me, beloved of my heart ;
If we love not truly, at death we part ;
And how would it be with our souls to find
That love, like a body, was left behind !

Love me, beloved : Hades and Death
Shall vanish away like a frosty breath ;
These hands, that now are at home in thine,
Shall clasp thee again, if thou still art mine ;
And thou shalt be mine, my spirit's bride,
In the ceaseless flow of eternity's tide,
If the truest love that thy heart can know
Meet the truest love that from mine can flow.
Pray God, beloved, for thee and me,
That our souls may be wedded eternally.

[He closes the book, and is silent for some moments.]

Ah me, O Poet ! did *thy* love last out
The common life together every hour ?
The slumber side by side with wondrousness
Each night after a day of fog and rain ?

Did thy love glory o'er the empty purse,
And the poor meal sometimes the poet's lot?
Is she dead, Poet? Is thy love awake?

Alas! and is it come to this with me?
I might have written that; where am I now?
Yet let me think: I love less passionately,
But not less truly; I would die for her—
A little thing, but all a man can do.
O my beloved, where the answering love?
Love me, beloved; whither art thou gone?

SCENE II. — *Lilia's room.* LILIA.

Lilia. He grows more moody still, more self-withdrawn.

Were it not better that I went away,
And left him with the child; for she alone
Can bring the sunshine on his cloudy face?
Alas! he used to say to me, *my child*.
Some convent would receive me in my land,
Where I might weep unseen, unquestioned;
And pray that God, in whom he seems to dwell,
To take me likewise in, beside him there.

Had I not better make one trial first

To win again his love to compass me ?
Might I not kneel, lie down before his feet,
And beg and pray for love as for my life ?
Clasping his knees, look up to that stern heaven,
That broods above his eyes, and pray for smiles ?
What if endurance were my only need ?
He would not turn away, but speak forced words,
Soothing with kindness me who thirst for love,
And giving service where I wanted smiles ;
Till by degrees all had gone back again
To where it was, a slow dull misery.
No. 'Tis the best thing I can do for him —
And that I will do — free him from my sight.
In love I gave myself away to him ;
And now in love I take myself again.
He will not miss me ; I am nothing now.

SCENE III. — *Lord Seaford's garden.* LILIA ; LORD SEAFORD.

Lord S. How the white roses cluster on the trellis !
They look in the dim light as if they floated
Within the fluid dusk that bathes them round.
One could believe that those far distant sounds
Of scarce-heard music, rose with the faint scent,

Breathed odorous from the heart of the pale flowers,
As the low rushing from a river-bed,
Or the continuous bubbling of a spring
In deep woods, turning over its own joy
In its own heart luxuriously, alone.
'Twas on such nights, after such sunny days,
The poets of old Greece saw beauteous shapes
Sighed forth from out the rooted, earth-fast trees,
With likeness undefinable retained
In higher human form to their tree-homes,
Which fainting let them forth into the air,
And lived a life in death till they returned.
The large-limbed, sweepy-curved, smooth-rinded beech
Gave forth the perfect woman to the night ;
From the pale birch, breeze-bent and waving, stole
The graceful, slight-curved maiden, scarcely grown.
The hidden well gave forth its hidden charm,
The Naiad with the hair that flowed like streams,
And arms that gleamed like moonshine on wet sands.
The broad-browed oak, the stately elm, gave forth
Their inner life in shapes of ecstasy.
All varied, loveliest forms of womanhood
Dawned out in twilight, and athwart the grass

And, faint with longing, gasps for some one thing
More beautiful than all, containing all,
Essential Beauty's self, that it may say:
"Thou art my Queen — I dare not think to crown
thee,
For thou art crowned already, every part,
With thy perfection ; but I kneel to thee,
The utterance of the beauty of the earth,
As of the trees the Hamadryades ;
I worship thee, intense of loveliness ! .
Not sea-born only ; sprung from Earth, Air, Ocean,
Star-fire ; all elements and forms commingling
To give thee birth, to utter each its thought
Of beauty held in many forms diverse,
In one form, holding all, a living Love,
Their far-surpassing child, their chosen queen
By virtue of thy dignities combined !"
And when in some great hour of wild surprise
She floats into his sight ; and, rapt, entranced,
At last he gazes, as I gaze on thee,
And, breathless, his full heart stands still for joy,
And his soul thinks not, having lost itself
In her, pervaded with her being ; strayed

Out from his eyes, and gathered round her form,
Clothing her with the only beauty yet
That could be added, ownness unto him :
Then falls the sternest *No* with thunder tone.
Think, lady, — the poor unresisting soul
Clear-burnished to a crystalline abyss
To hold in central deep the ideal form ;
Led then to Beauty, and one glance allowed
From heart of hungry, vacant, waiting shrine,
To set it on the Pisgah of desire —
Lo, the black storm ! the slanting, sweeping rain !
Gray distances of travel to no end !
And the dim rush of countless years behind !

[He sinks at her feet.]

Yet for this moment, let me worship thee !

Lilia (agitated). Rise, rise, my lord ; this cannot be
indeed.

I pray you, cease ; I will not listen to you.

Indeed it must not, cannot, must not be !

[Moving as to go.]

Lord S. (rising). Forgive me, madam. Let me cast
myself

On your good thoughts. I had been thinking thus,

All the bright morning, as I walked alone ;
And when you came, my thoughts flowed forth in
words.

It is a weakness with me from my boyhood,
That if I act a part in any play,
Or follow, merely intellectually,
A passion or a motive — ere I know,
My being is absorbed, my brain on fire ;
I am possessed with something not my own,
And live and move and speak in foreign forms.
Pity my weakness, madam ; and forgive
My rudeness with your gentleness and truth.
That you are beautiful is simple fact ;
And when I once began to speak my thoughts,
The wheels of speech ran on, till they took fire,
And in your face flung foolish sparks and dust.
I am ashamed ; and but for dread of shame,
I should be kneeling now to beg forgiveness.

Lilia. Think nothing more of it, my lord, I pray.
What is this purple flower with the black spot
In its deep heart? I never saw it before.

SCENE IV. — *Julian's room. The dusk of evening. JULIAN standing with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor.*

Julian. I see her as I saw her then. She sat
 On a low chair, the child upon her knees,
 Not six months old. Radiant with motherhood,
 Her full face beamed upon the face below,
 Bent over, as with love to ripen love ;
 Till its intensity, like summer heat,
 Gathered a mist across her heaven of eyes,
 Which grew until it dropt in large slow tears,
 Rich human rain on furrows of the heart !

[He walks towards the window, seats himself at a little table, and writes.

THE FATHER'S HYMN FOR THE MOTHER TO SING.

My child is lying on my knees ;
 The signs of heaven she reads ;
 My face is all the heaven she sees,
 Is all the heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss,
 If heaven is in my face —
 Behind it all is tenderness,
 And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood ;
My life would go without a sigh
To bring her something good.

I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak ;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak ;

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The Infinite of God.

If true to her, though troubled sore,
I cannot choose but be ;
Thou, who art peace for evermore,
Art very true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring
More love where need is rife ;
Thou knowest what an awful thing
It is to be a life.

Hast thou not wisdom to enwrap
My waywardness about,
In doubting safety on the lap
Of Love that knows no doubt ?

Lo ! Lord, I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee ;
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to thee.

Lady Gertrude.

It was

Something about a race — Death and a lady —

Lilia. O, I remember. I would rather sing
Some other though.

Lady Gertrude. No, no, I want that one.
Its ghost walks up and down inside my head,
But won't stand long enough to show itself.
You must talk Latin to it — sing it away,
Or when I'm ill, 'twill haunt me.

Lilia.

Well, I'll sing it.

SONG.

Death and a lady rode in the wind,
In a starry midnight pale ;
Death on a bony horse behind,
With no footfall upon the gale.

The lady sat a wild-eyed steed ;
Eastward he tore to the morn
But ever the sense of a noiseless speed,
And the sound of reaping corn !

All the night through, the headlong race
Sped to the morning gray ;
The dewdrops lay on her cold white face —
From Death or the morning ? say.

Her steed's wide knees began to shake,
As he flung the road behind ;

The lady sat still, but her heart did quake,
And a cold breath came down the wind.

When, lo ! a fleet bay horse beside,
With a silver mane and tail ;
A knight, bareheaded, the horse did ride,
With never a coat of mail.

He never lifted his hand to Death,
And he never couched a spear ;
But the lady felt another breath,
And a voice was in her ear.

He looked her weary eyes through and through,
With his eyes so strong in faith :
Her bridle-hand the lady drew,
And she turned and laughed at Death.

And away through the mist of the morning gray,
The spectre and horse rode wide ;
The dawn came up the old bright way,
And the lady never died.

Lord Seaford (who has entered during the song). De-
lightful ! Why, my little pining Gertrude,
With such charm-music you will soon be well.
Madam, I know not how to speak the thanks
I owe you for your kindness to my daughter :
She looks as different from yesterday
As sunrise from a fog.

Lilia.

I am but too happy

To be of use to one I love so much.

SCENE VI. — *A rainy day.* LORD SEAFORD *walking up and down his room, murmuring to himself.*

O, my love is like a wind of death,
That turns me to a stone !

O, my love is like a desert breath,
That burns me to the bone !

O, my love is a flower with a purple glow,
And a purple scent all day !
But a black spot lies at the heart below,
And smells all night of clay.

O, my love is like the poison sweet
That lurks in the hooded cell !
One flash in the eyes, one bounding beat,
And then the passing bell !

O, my love she's like a white, white rose !
And I am the canker-worm :
Never the bud to a blossom blows ;
It falls in the rainy storm.

SCENE VII. — JULIAN *reading in his room.*

“ And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.”

[*He closes the book and kneels.*]

SCENE VIII. — *Lord Seaford's room. LILIA and LORD SEAFORD. Her hand lies in his.*

Lilia. It may be true. I am bewildered, though.
I know not what to answer.

Lord S. Let me answer :

You would it were so — you would love me then ?

[A sudden crash of music from a brass band in the street, melting away in a low cadence.]

Lilia (starting up). Let me go, my lord !

Lord S. (retaining her hand). Why, sweetest ! What is this ?

Lilia (vehemently, and disengaging her hand). Let me go ! O my husband ! my pale child !

[She hurries to the door, but falls.]

Lord S. (raising her). I thought you trusted me, yes, loved me, Lilia !

Lilia. Peace ! that name is his ! Speak it again — I rave.

He thought I loved him — and I did — I do.

Open the door, my lord !

[He hesitates. She draws herself up erect, with flashing eyes.]

Once more, my lord —

Open the door, I say.

[He still hesitates. She walks swiftly to the window, flings it wide, and is throwing herself out.]

Lord S. Stop, madam ! I will.

[He opens the door. She leaves the window, and walks slowly out. He hears the house-door open and shut, flings himself on the couch, and hides his face.]

Enter LADY GERTRUDE.

Lady Gertrude. Dear father, are you ill ? I knocked three times ;

You did not speak.

Lord S. I did not hear you, child.

My head aches rather ; else I am quite well.

Lady Gertrude. Where is the Countess ?

Lord S. She is gone. She had

An urgent message to go home at once.

But, Gertrude, now you seem so well, why not

Set out to-morrow ? You can travel now ;

And for your sake the sooner that we breathe

Italian air the better.

Lady Gertrude. This is sudden !

I scarcely can be ready by to-morrow.

Lord S. It will oblige me, child. Do what you can.

Just go and order everything you want.

I will go with you. Ring the bell, my love ;

I have a reason for my haste. We'll have

The horses to at once. Come, Gertrude, dear.

SCENE IX. — *Evening. Hampstead Heath. LILIA seated.*

Lilia. The first pale star of night ! the trembling
star !

And all heaven waiting till the sun has drawn

His long train after ! then a new creation

Will follow their queen-leader from the depths.

O leader of new worlds ! O star of love !

Thou hast gone down in me, gone down forever ;

And left my soul in such a starless night,

It has not love enough to weep thy loss.

O fool ! to know thee once, and, after years,

To take a gleaming marsh-light for thy lamp

How could I for one moment hear him speak !

O Julian ! for my last love-gift I thought

To bring that love itself, bound and resigned,

And offering it a sacrifice to thee,

Lead it away into the wilderness ;

But one slow spot hath tainted this my lamb ;

Unoffered it must go, footsore and weary,
Not flattering itself to die for thee.
And yet, thank God, it was one moment only,
That, lapt in darkness and the loss of thee,
Sun of my soul, and half my senses dead
Through very weariness and lack of love,
My heart throbbed once responsive to a ray
That glimmered through its gloom from other eyes,
And seemed to promise rest and hope again.
My presence shall not grieve thee any more,
My Julian, my husband. I will find
A quiet place where I will seek thy God.
And — in my heart it wakens like a voice
From Him — the Saviour — there are other worlds
Where all gone wrong in this may be set right ;
Where I, made pure, may find thee, purer still,
And thou wilt love the love that kneels to thee.
I'll write and tell him I have gone, and why.
But what to say about my late offense,
That he may understand just what it was ?
For I must tell him, if I write at all.
I fear he would discover where I was ;
Pitiful duty would not let him rest

Until he found me ; and I fain would free
From all the weight of mine, that heart of his.

[*Sound of a coach-horn.*]

It calls me to rise up and go to him,
Leading me further from him and away.
The earth is round ; God's thoughts return again ;
And I will go in hope. Help me, my God !

SCENE X. — *Julian's room.* JULIAN *reading.* *A letter is brought in. He reads it, turns deadly pale, and leans his arms and head on the table, almost fainting. This lasts some time ; then starting up, he paces through the room, his shoulders slightly shrugged, his arms rigid by his sides, and his hands clinched hard, as if a net of pain were drawn tight around his frame. At length he breathes deep, draws himself up, and walks erect, his chest swelling, but his teeth set.*

Julian. Me ! My wife ! Insect, did'st thou say
my wife ?

[*Hurriedly turning the letter on the table to see the address.*]

Why, if she love him more than me, why then
Let her go with him ! Gone to Italy !
Pursue, says he ? *Revenge ?* Let the corpse crush
The slimy maggot with its pulpy fingers !
What if I stabbed —

[*Taking his dagger, and feeling its point.*]

Whom ? Her — what then ? Or him —

What yet? Would that give back the life to me?
There is one more — myself! O, peace! to feel
The earthworms crawling through my mouldering
brain!

But to be driven along the windy wastes —
To hear the tempests, raving as they turn,
Howl *Lilia, Lilia* — to be tossed about
Beneath the stars that range themselves forever
Into the burning letters of her name —
’Twere better creep the earth down here than that;
For pain’s excess here sometimes deadens pain.

[*He throws the dagger on the floor.*]

Have I deserved this? Have I earned it? I?
A pride of innocence darts through my veins.
I stand erect. Shame cannot touch me. Ha!
I laugh at insult. *I?* I am myself —
Why starest thou at me? Well, stare thy fill;
When devils mock, the angels lend their wings: —
But what their wings? I have nowhere to fly.
Lilia! my worship of thy purity!
Hast thou forgotten — ah! thou didst not know
How, watching by thee in thy fever-pain,
When thy white neck and bosom were laid bare,

I turned my eyes away, and turning drew
With trembling hand white darkness over thee,
Because I knew not thou didst love me then.
Love me ! O God in heaven ! Is love a thing
That can die thus ? Love me ! Would, for thy penance,
Thou saw'st but once the heart which thou hast torn —
Shaped all about thy image set within !
But that were fearful ! What rage would not, love
Must then do for thee — in mercy I would kill thee,
To save thee from the hell-fire of remorse.
If blood would make thee clean, then blood should
 flow ;
Eager, unwilling, this hand should make thee bleed,
Till, drop by drop, the taint should drop away.
Clean ! said I ? fit to lie by me in sleep,
My hand upon thy heart ! — not fit to lie,
For all thy bleeding, by me in the grave !

[His eye falls on that likeness of Jesus said to be copied from an emerald engraved for Tiberius. He gazes, drops on his knees, and covers his face ; remains motionless a long time ; then rises very pale, his lips compressed, his eyes filled with tears.]

O my poor Lilia ! my bewildered child !
How shall I win thee, save thee, make thee mine ?

Where art thou wandering? What words in thine
ears?

God, can she never more be clean? no more,
Through all the terrible years? Hast thou no well
In all thy heaven, in all thyself, that can
Wash her soul clean? Her body will go down
Into the friendly earth — would it were lying
There in my arms; for there thy rains will come,
Fresh from the sky, slow sinking through the sod,
Summer and winter; and we two should lie
Mouldering away together, gently washed
Into the heart of earth; and part would float
Forth on the sunny breezes that bear clouds
Through the thin air. But her stained soul, my God!
Canst thou not cleanse it? Then should we, when
death

Was gone, creep into heaven at last, and sit
In some still place together, glory-shadowed.
None would ask questions there. And I should be
Content to sorrow a little, so I might
But see her with the darling on her knees,
And know that must be pure that dwelt within
The circle of thy glory. Lilia! Lilia!

I scorn the shame rushing from head to foot ;
I would endure it endlessly, to save
One thought of thine from his polluting touch ;
Saying ever to myself : This is a part
Of my own Lilia ; and the world to me
Is nothing since I lost the smiles of her :
Somehow, I know not how, she faded from me,
And this is all that's left of her. My wife !
Soul of my soul ! my oneness with myself !
Come back to me ; I will be all to thee ;
Back to my heart ; and we will weep together,
And pray to God together every hour,
That He would show how strong He is to save.
The One that made is able to renew :
I know not how. I'll hold thy heart to mine,
So close that the defilement needs must go.
My love shall ray thee round, and, strong as fire,
Dart through and through thy soul, till it be
cleansed.

But if she love him ? O, my heart — beat ! beat !
Grow not so sick with misery and life,
For fainting will not save thee. O, no ! no !
She cannot love him as she must love me.

Then if she love him not; O horrible ! O God !

[He stands in a stupor for some minutes.]

What devil whisperéd that vile word, *unclean* ?

I care not — loving more than that can touch.

Let me be shamed, aye, perish in my shame,

As men call perishing, so she be saved.

Saved ! my beloved ! my Lilia ! alas !

Would she were here, and I would make her weep,

Till her soul wept itself to purity.

Far, far away ! where my love cannot reach.

No, no ; she is not gone.

[Starting and pacing wildly through the room.]

It is a lie —

Deluding blind revenge, not keen-eyed love.

I must do something.

[Enter LILY.]

Ah ! there's the precious thing

That shall entice her back.

[Kneeling and clasping the child to his heart.]

My little Lily,

I have lost your mother.

Lily.

O !

[Beginning to weep.]

She was so pretty,

Somebody has stolen her.

Fulian. Will you go with me,
And help me look for her?

Lily. O yes, I will.

[*Clasping him round the neck.*]

But my head aches so! Will you carry me?

Fulian. Yes, my own darling. Come, we'll get
your bonnet.

Lily. O! you've been crying, father. You're so
white!

[*Putting her finger to his cheek.*]

SCENE XI. — *A table in a club-room. Several GENTLEMEN seated round it. To them enter another.*

1st Gentleman. Why, Bernard, you look heated;
what's the matter?

Bernard. Hot work, as looked at; cool enough,
as done.

2d G. A good antithesis, as usual, Bernard;
But a shell too hard for the vulgar teeth
Of our impatient curiosity.

Bernard. Most unexpectedly I found myself
Spectator of a scene in a home-drama
Worth all stage tragedies I ever saw.

All. What was it? Tell us, then. Here, take this seat. [*He sits at the table, and pours out a glass of wine.*]

Bernard. I went to call on Seaford, and was told He had gone to town. So I, as privileged,
Went to his cabinet to write a note ;
Which finished, I came down, and called his valet.
Just as I crossed the hall I heard a voice —
“The Countess Lamballa — is she here to-day?”
And looking towards the door I caught a glimpse
Of a tall figure, gaunt and stooping, drest
In a blue shabby frock down to his knees,
And on his left arm sat a little child.
The porter gave short answer, with the door
For period to the same ; when, like a flash,
It flew wide open, and the serving man
Went reeling, staggering backward to the stairs,
'Gainst which he fell, and, rolling down, lay stunned.
In walked the visitor ; but in the moment
Just measured by the closing of the door,
Heavens ! what a change ! He walked erect, as if
Heading a column, with an eye and face
As if a fountain-shaft of blood had shot
Up suddenly within his wasted frame.

The child sat on his arm quite still and pale,
But with a look of triumph in her eyes.
Of me he took no notice ; came right on ;
Looked in each room that opened from the hall ;
In every motion calm as glacier's flow,
Save now and then a movement, sudden, quick,
Of his right hand across to his left side :
'Twas plain he had been used to carry arms.

3d G. Did no one stop him ?

Bernard. Stop him ? I'd as soon
Have faced a tiger with bare hands. 'Tis easy
In passion to meet passion ; but it is
A daunting thing to look on, when the blood
Is going its wonted pace through your own veins.
Besides, this man had something in his face,
With its live eyes, close lips, nostrils distended,
A self-reliance, and a self-command,
That would go right up to his goal, in spite
Of any *no* from any man. I would
As soon have stopped a cannon-ball as him.
Over the porter, lying where he fell,
He strode, and up the stairs. I heard him go —
I listened as it were a ghost that walked

With pallid spectre-child upon its arm —
Along the corridors, from door to door,
Opening and shutting. But at last a sting
Of sudden fear lest he should find the lady,
And mischief follow, shot me up the stairs.
I met him half-way down, quiet as at first ;
The fire had faded from his eyes ; the child
Held in her tiny hand a lady's glove
Of delicate primrose. When he reached the hall,
He turned him to the porter, who had scarce
Lifted him from the floor, and saying thus :
“The Count Lamballa waited on Lord Seaford,”
Turned him again, and strode into the street.

1st G. Have you got hold of any clew ?

Bernard.

Not any.

Of course he had suspicions of his wife ;
For all the gifts a woman has to give,
I would not rouse such blood. And yet to see
The gentle fairy child fall kissing him,
And, with her little arms grasping his neck,
Peep anxious round into his shaggy face,
As they went down the street ! — it almost made
A fool of me. I'd marry for such a child !

SCENE XII. — *A by-street. JULIAN walking home very weary. The child in his arms, her head lying on his shoulder. An ORGAN-BOY with a monkey, sitting on a door-step. He sings in a low voice.*

Julian. Look at the monkey, Lily.

Lily. No, dear father ;

I do not like monkeys.

Julian. Hear the poor boy sing.

[*They listen. He sings.*]

SONG.

Wenn ich höre dich mir nah',
Stimmen in den Blättern da ;
Wenn ich fühl' dich weit und breit,
Vater, das ist Seligkeit.

Nun die Sonne liebend scheint,
Mich mit dir und All vereint ;
Biene zu den Blumen fliegt,
Seel' an Lieb' sich liebend schmiegt.

So mich völlig lieb du hast,
Daseyn ist nicht eine Last ;
Wenn ich seh' und höre dich,
Das genügt mir inniglich.

Lily. It sounds so curious. What is he saying,
father ?

Julian. My boy, you are not German?

Boy. No; my mother
Came from those parts. She used to sing the song.
I hardly understand it all myself,
For I was born in Genoa. Ah! my mother! [*Weeps.*]

Julian. My mother was a German, my poor boy;
My father was Italian: I am like you.
[*Giving him money.*]

You sing of leaves and sunshine, flowers and bees,
Poor child, upon a stone in the dark street?

Boy. My mother sings it in her grave; and I
Will sing it everywhere, until I die.

SCENE XIII.—LILIA'S room. JULIAN enters with the child,
undresses her, and puts her to bed.

Lily. Father does *all* things for his little Lily.

Julian. Dear, dear Lily! Go to sleep, my pet.

[*Sitting by her.*]

“Wenn ich seh’ und höre dich,
Das genügt mir inniglich.” [*Falling on his knees.*]

I come to thee, and, lying on thy breast,
Father of me, I tell thee in thine ear,
Half-shrinking from the sound, yet speaking free,
That thou art not enough for me, my God.

O, dearly do I love thee ! Look ; no fear
Lest thou shouldst be offended, touches me.
Herein I know thy love ; mine casts out fear.
O give me back my wife ; thou without her
Canst never make me blessed to the full. [Silence.

O yes ; thou art enough for me, my God ;
Part of thyself she is, else never mine.
My need of her is but thy thought of me ;
She is the offspring of thy beauty, God ;
Yea of the womanhood that dwells in thee :
Thou wilt restore her to my very soul. [Rising.

It may be all a lie. Some needful cause
Keeps her away. Wretch that I am, to think
One moment that my wife could sin against me !
She will come back to-night. I know she will.
How shall I answer for such jealousy !
For that fool-visit to Lord Seaford's house !

[His eyes fall on the glove which the child still holds in her sleeping hand. He takes it gently away, and hides it in his bosom.]

It will be all explained. To think I should,
Without one word from her, condemn her so !
What can I say to her when she returns ?

I shall be utterly ashamed before her.

She will come back to-night. I know she will.

[He throws himself wearily on the bed.]

SCENE XIV. — *Crowd about the Italian Opera-House.* JULIAN.

LILY *in his arms*: Three STUDENTS.

1st Student. Edward, you see that long, lank, thread-bare man?

There is a character for that same novel
You talk of thunder-striking London with,
One of these days.

2d St. I scarcely noticed him ;
I was so taken with the lovely child.
She is angelic.

3d St. You see angels always,
Where others, more dim-sighted, see but mortals.
She *is* a pretty child. Her eyes are splendid.
I wonder what the old fellow is about.
Some crazed enthusiast, music-distract,
That lingers at the door he cannot enter !
Give him an obol, Frank, to pay old Charon,
And cross to the Elysium of sweet sounds.
Here's mine,

1st St. And mine.

2d St. And mine.

[3d STUDENT offers the money to JULIAN.

Julian (*very quietly*). No, thank you, sir.

Lily. O, there is mother !

[*Stretching her hands towards a lady stepping out of a carriage.*

Julian. No, no ; hush, my child !

[*The lady looks round, and LILY clings to her father.*
WOMEN talking.

1st W. I'm sure he's stolen the child. She can't be his.

2d W. There's a suspicious look about him.

3d W. True ;

But the child clings to him as if she loved him.

[JULIAN moves on slowly.

SCENE XV.—JULIAN seated in his room, his eyes fixed on the floor. LILY playing in a corner.

Julian. Though I am lonely, yet this little child —
She understands me better than the Twelve
Knew the great heart of Him they called their Lord.

Ten times last night I woke in agony,
I knew not why. There was no comforter.

I stretched my arm to find her, and her place
 Was empty as my heart. Though wide awake,
 Sometimes my pain, benumbed by its own being,
 Forgets its cause, and I would lay my head
 Upon her breast — that promises relief:
 I lift my eyes, and lo, the vacant world!

[He looks up and sees the child playing with his dagger.]

You'll hurt yourself, my child; it is too sharp.
 Give it to me, my darling. Thank you, dear.

[He breaks the hilt from the blade and gives it her.]

Here, take the pretty part. It's not so pretty

As it was once —

[Thinking aloud.]

I picked the jewels out
 To buy your mother the last dress I gave her.
 There's just one left, I see, for you, my Lily.

Why did I kill Nembroni? Poor saviour I,
 Leading thee only to a greater ill!

If thou wert dead, the child would comfort me;
 Is she not part of thee, and all my own?
 But now —

Lily (throwing down the dagger-hilt, and running up to him). Father, what is a poetry?

Julian. A beautiful thing, — of the most beautiful
 That God has made.

Lily.

Yes, dear father.

[*Kissing him, then looking at the book.*]

I wonder where its prettiness is, though ;

I cannot see it anywhere at all.

[*He sets her down. She goes to her corner.*]

Fulian (musing). True, there's not much in me to
love, and yet

I feel worth loving. I am very poor,

But that I could not help ; and I grow old,

But there are saints in heaven older than I.

I have a world within me ; there I thought

I had a wealth of lovely, precious things, —

Laid up for thinking ; shady woods, and grass ;

Clear streams rejoicing down their sloping channels ;

And glimmering daylight in the cloven east ;

There morning sunbeams stand, a vapory column,

'Twixt the dark boles of solemn forest trees ;

There, spokes of the sun-wheel, that cross their
bridge,

Break through the arch of the clouds, fall on the
earth,

And travel round, as the wind blows the clouds :

The distant meadows and the gloomy river

Shine out as over them the ray-pencil sweeps.
Alas ! where am I ? Beauty now is torture ;
Of this fair world I would have made her queen ;
Then led her through the shadowy gates beyond
Into that farther world of things unspoken,
Of which these glories are the outer stars,
The clouds that float within its atmosphere.
Under the holy might of teaching love,
I thought her eyes would open — see how, far
And near, Truth spreads her empire, widening out,
And brooding, a still spirit, everywhere ;
Thought she would turn into her spirit's chamber,
Open the little window, and look forth
On the wide silent ocean, silent winds,
And see what she must see, I could not tell.
By sounding mighty chords I strove to wake
The sleeping music of her poet-soul :
We read together many magic words ;
Gazed on the forms and hues of ancient art ;
Sent forth our souls on the same tide of sound ;
Worshipped beneath the same high temple-roofs ;
And evermore I talked. I was too proud,
Too confident of power to waken life,

Believing in my might upon her heart,
 Not trusting in the strength of living truth.
 Unhappy saviour, who by force of self
 Would save from selfishness and narrow needs!
 I have not been a saviour. She grew weary.
 I began wrong. The infinitely High,
 Made manifest in lowliness, had been
 The first, one lesson. Had I brought her there,
 And set her down by humble Mary's side,
 He would have taught her all I could not teach.
 Yet, O my God! why hast thou made me thus
 Terribly wretched, and beyond relief?

[He looks up and sees that the child has taken the book to her corner. She peeps into it; then holds it to her ear; then rubs her hand over it; then puts her tongue on it.]

Julian (bursting into tears). Father, I am thy child.

Forgive me this :

Thy poetry is very hard to read.

SCENE XVI.— JULIAN *walking with LILY through one of the squares.*

Lily. Wish we could find her somewhere. 'Tis so
 sad

Not to have any mother! Shall I ask

This gentleman if he knows where she is?

Julian. No, no, my love ; we'll find her by and by.

BERNARD and another GENTLEMAN talking together.

Bernard. Have you seen Seaford lately ?

Gentleman. No. In fact,

He vanished somewhat oddly, days ago.

Sam saw him with a lady in his cab ;

And if I hear aright, one more is missing —

Just the companion for his lordship's taste.

You've not forgot that fine Italian woman

You met there once, some months ago ?

Bern. Forgot her !

I have to try though, sometimes — hard enough.

Lily. Mother was Italy, father — was she not ?

Julian. Hush, hush, my child ! you must not say a word.

Bern. Her husband is alive.

Gentleman. O, yes ! he is ;

But what of that — a poor half-crazy creature !

Bern. Something quite different, I assure you,
Harry.

Last week I saw him — never to forget him —

Ranging through Seaford's house, like the questing
beast.

Gentleman. Better please two than one, they
thought, no doubt.

I am not the one to blame him ; she is a prize
Worth sinning for a little more than little.

Lily (whispering). Why don't you ask them whether
it was mother ?

I am sure it was. I am quite sure of it.

Gentleman. Look what a lovely child !

Bern. Henry ! Good heavens !

It is the Count Lamballa. Come along.

SCENE XVII. — *Julian's room.* JULIAN. LILY asleep.

Julian. I thank thee. Thou hast comforted me,
thou,

To whom I never lift my soul, in hope
To reach thee with my thinking, but the tears
Swell up and fill my eyes from the full heart
That cannot hold the thought of thee, the thought
Of Him in whom I live, who lives in me,
And makes me live in Him ; by whose one thought,
Alone, unreachable, the making thought,
Infinite and self-bounded, I am here,
A living, thinking will, that cannot know

The power whereby I am — so blest the more
In being thus in thee — Father, thy child.
I cannot, cannot speak the thoughts in me.
My being shares thy glory: lay on me
What thou wouldst have me bear. Do thou with me
Whate'er thou wilt. Tell me thy will, that I
May do it as my best, my highest joy ;
For thou dost work in me, I dwell in thee.

Wilt thou not save my wife ? I cannot know
The power in thee to purify from sin.
But Life *can* cleanse the life it lived alive.
Thou knowest all that lesseneth her fault.
She loves me not, I know — ah ! my sick heart !
I will love her the more, to fill the cup ;
One bond is snapped, the other shall be doubled ;
For if I love her not, how desolate
The poor child will be left ! *he* loves her not.

I have but one prayer left to pray to thee —
Give me my wife again, that I may watch
And weep with her, and pray with her, and tell
What loving-kindness I have found in thee ;
And she will come to thee to make her clean.
Her soul must wake as from a dream of bliss,

To know a dead one lieth in the house :
Let me be near her in that agony,
To tend her in the fever of the soul,
Bring her cool waters from the wells of hope,
Look forth and tell her that the morn is nigh ;
And when I cannot comfort, help her weep.
God, I would give her love like thine to me,
Because I love her, and her need is great.
Lord, I need her far more than thou need'st me,
And thou art Love down to the deeps of hell :
Help me to love her with a love like thine.

How shall I find her ? It were horrible
If the dread hour should come, and I not near.
Yet pray I not she should be spared one pang,
One writhing of self-loathing and remorse ;
For she must hate the evil she has done.
Only take not away hope utterly.

Lily (in her sleep). Lily means me — don't throw it
over the wall.

Julian (going to her). She is so flushed ! I fear the
child is ill.

I have fatigued her too much, wandering restless.

To-morrow I will take her to the sea. [Returning.

If I knew where, I'd write to her, and write
So tenderly, she could not choose but come.
I will write now ; I'll tell her that strange dream
I dreamed last night : 'twill comfort her as well.

[He sits down and writes.]

My heart was crushed that I could hardly breathe.
I was alone upon a desolate moor ;
And the wind blew by fits and died away —
I know not if it was the wind or me.
How long I wandered there, I cannot tell ;
But some one came and took me by the hand.
I gazed but could not see the form that led me,
And went unquestioning, I cared not whither.
We came into a street I seemed to know,
Came to a house that I had seen before.
The shutters were all closed ; the house was dead.
The door went open soundless. We went in,
And entered yet again an inner room.
The darkness was so dense, I shrunk as if
From striking on it. The door closed behind.
And then I saw that there was something black,
Dark in the blackness of the night, heaved up
In the middle of the room. And then I saw

That there were shapes of woe all round the room,
Like women in long mantles, bent in grief,
With long veils hanging low down from their heads,
All blacker in the darkness. Not a sound
Broke the death-stillness. Then the shapeless thing
Began to move. Four horrid muffled figures
Had lifted, bore it from the room. We followed,
The bending woman-shapes, and I. We left
The house in long procession. I was walking
Alone beside the coffin — such it was —
Now in the glimmering light I saw the thing.
And now I saw and knew the woman-shapes :
Undine clothed in spray, and heaving up
White arms of lamentation ; Desdemona
In her night-robe, crimson on the left side ;
Thékla in black, with resolute white face ;
And Margaret in fetters, gliding slow —
That last look, when she shrieked on Henry, frozen
Upon her face. And many more I knew —
Long-suffering women, true in heart and life ;
Women that make man proud for very love
Of their humility, and of his pride
Ashamed. And in the coffin lay my wife.

On, on, we went. The scene changed. For the hills
Began to rise from either side the path.

At last we came into a narrow glen,
From which the mountains rose abrupt to heaven,
Shot cones and pinnacles into the skies.

Upon the eastern side one mighty summit
Shown with its snow faint through the dusky air.

Upon its sides the glaciers gave a tint,
A dull metallic gleam, to the slow night.

From base to top, on climbing peak and crag,
Aye, on the glaciers' breast, were human shapes,
Motionless, waiting ; men that trod the earth
Like gods ; or forms ideal that inspired
Great men of old — up, even to the apex
Of the snow-spear-point. *Morning* had arisen
From Giulian's tomb in Florence, where the chisel
Of Michelagnolo laid him reclining,
And stood upon the crest.

A cry awoke

Amid the watchers at the lowest base,
And swelling rose, and sprang from mouth to mouth,
Up the vast mountain, to its aerial top ;
And "*Is God coming?*" was the cry ; which died
Away in silence ; for no voice said *No*.

The bearers stood and set the coffin down ;
The mourners gathered round it in a group ;
Somewhat apart I stood, I know not why.

So minutes passed. Again that cry awoke,
And clomb the mountain-side, and died away
In the thin air, far-lost. No answer came.

How long we waited thus, I cannot tell —
How oft the cry arose and died again.

At last, from far, faint summit to the base,
Filling the mountain with a throng of echoes,
A mighty voice descended : "*God is coming!*"
O ! what a music clothed the mountain-side,
From all that multitude's melodious throats,
Of joy and lamentation and strong prayer !
It ceased, for hope was too intense for song.
A pause. The figure on the crest flashed out,
Bordered with light. The sun was rising — rose
Higher and higher still. One ray fell keen
Upon the coffin 'mid the circling group.

What God did for the rest, I know not ; it
Was easy to help them. I saw them not.
I saw thee at my feet, my wife, my own !
Thy lovely face angelic now with grief ;

But that I saw not first : thy head was bent,
 Thou on thy knees, thy dear hands clasped between.
 I sought to raise thee, but thou wouldst not rise,
 Once only lifting that sweet face to mine,
 Then turning it to earth. Would God the dream
 Had lasted ever ! No ; 'twas but a dream ;
 Thou art not rescued yet.

•

Earth's morning came,
 And my soul's morning died in tearful gray.
 The last I saw was thy white shroud yet steeped
 In that sun-glory all-transfiguring.
 And as a slow chant blossomed suddenly
 Into an anthem, silence took me like sound :
 I had not listened in the excess of joy.

SCENE XVIII. — *Portsmouth. A bedroom.* LORD SEAFORD.
 LADY GERTRUDE.

Lord S. 'Tis for your sake, my Gertrude, I am
 sorry.
 If you could go alone, I'd have you go.
Lady Gertrude. And leave you ill ? No, you are
 not so cruel.
 Believe me, father, I am happier

In your sick room, than on a glowing island
In the blue Bay of Naples.

Lord S. It was so sudden !
I fear it will not go again as quickly.
But have your walk before the sun be hot.
Put the ice near me, child. There, that will do.

Lady Gertrude. Good-by then, father, for a little
while. [Goes.

Lord S. I never knew what illness was before.
O life ! to think a man should stand so little
On his own will and choice, as to be thus
Cast from his high throne suddenly, and sent
To grovel beast-like. All the glow is gone
From the rich world ! No sense is left me more
To touch with beauty. Even she has faded
Into the far horizon, a spent dream
Of love and loss and passionate despair.

Is there no beauty ? Is it all a show
Flung outward from the healthy blood and nerves,
A reflex of well-ordered organism ?
Is earth a desert ? Is a woman's heart
No more mysterious, no more beautiful,
Than I am to myself this ghastly moment ?

It must be so — it *must*, except God is,
And means the meaning that we think we see,
Sends forth the beauty we are taking in.
O Soul of nature, if thou art not, if
There dwelt not in thy thought the primrose-flower
Before it blew on any bank of spring,
Then all is untruth, unreality,
And we are wretched things ; our highest needs
Are less than we, the offspring of ourselves ;
And when we are sick, they *are* not ; and our hearts
Die with the voidness of the universe.
But if thou art, O God, then all is true ;
Nor are thy thoughts less radiant than our eyes
Are filmy, and the weary, troubled brain
Throbs in an endless round of its own dreams.
And she *is* beautiful — and I have lost her !

O God ! thou art, thou art ; and I have sinned
Against thy beauty and thy graciousness !
That woman-splendor was not mine, but thine.
Thy thought passed into form, that glory passed
Before my eyes, a bright particular star :
Like foolish child, I reached out for the star,
Nor kneeled, nor worshipped. I will be content

That she, the Beautiful, dwells on in thee,
Mine to revere, though not to call my own.
Forgive me, God ! Forgive me, Lilia !

My love has taken vengeance on my love.
I writhe and moan. Yet I will be content.
Yea gladly will I yield thee, so to find
That thou art not a phantom, but God's child ;
That Beauty is, though it is not for me.
When I would hold it, then I disbelieved :
That I may yet believe, I will not touch it.
I have sinned against the Soul of love and beauty,
Denying Him in grasping at his work.

SCENE XIX. — *A country church-yard.* JULIAN seated on a tombstone. LILY gathering flowers and grass among the graves.

Julian. O soft place of the earth ! down-pillowed
couch,
Made ready for the weary ! Everywhere,
O Earth, thou hast one gift for thy poor children —
Room to lie down, leave to cease standing up,
Leave to return to thee, and in thy bosom
Lie in the luxury of primeval peace,
Fearless of any morn ; as a new babe

Lies nestling in his mother's arms in bed :
That home of blessedness is all there is ;
He never feels the silent rushing tide,
Strong setting for the sea, which bears him on,
Unconscious, helpless, to wide consciousness.
But thou, thank God, hast this warm bed at last
Ready for him when weary : well the green
Close-matted coverlid shuts out the dawn .
O Lilia, would it were our wedding-bed
To which I bore thee with a nobler joy !
Alas ! there's no such rest : I only dream
Poor pagan dreams with a tired Christian brain.

How couldst thou leave me, my poor child ? my
heart

Was all so tender to thee ! But I fear
My face was not. Alas ! I was perplexed
With questions to be solved, before my face
Could turn to thee in peace : thy part in me
Fared ill in troubled workings of the brain.
Ah, now I know I did not well for thee
In making thee my wife. I should have gone
Alone into eternity. I was
Too rough for thee, for any tender woman —

Other I had not loved — so full of fancies !
Too given to meditation. A deed of love
Is stronger than a metaphysic truth ;
Smiles better teachers than the mightiest words.
Thou, who wast life, not thought, how couldst thou
help it?

How love me on, withdrawn from all thy sight —
For life must ever need the shows of life ?
How fail to love a man so like thyself,
Whose manhood sought thy fainting womanhood ?
I brought thee pine-boughs, rich in hanging cones,
But never white flowers, rubied at the heart.
O God, forgive me ; it is all my fault.
Would I have had dead Love, pain-galvanized,
Led fettered after me by jailer Duty ?
Thou gavest me a woman rich in heart,
And I have kept her like a caged sea-mew
Starved by a boy, who weeps when it is dead.
O God, my eyes are opening — fearfully :
I know it now — 'twas pride, yes, very pride
That kept me back from speaking all my soul.
I was self-haunted, self-possessed — the worst
Of all possessions. Wherefore did I never

Cast all my being, life and all, on hers,
In burning words of openness and truth ?
Why never fling my doubts, my hopes, my love,
Prone at her feet abandonedly ? Why not
Have been content to minister and wait ;
And if she answered not to my desires,
Have smiled and waited patient ? God, they say,
Gives years a hundred to an aloe-flower :
I gave not five years to a woman's soul.
Had I not drunk at last old wine of love ?
I flung her love back on her lovely heart ;
I did not shield her in the wintry day ;
And she has withered up and died and gone.
God, let me perish, so thy beautiful
Be brought with gladness and with singing home.
If thou wilt give her back to me, I vow
To be her slave, and serve her with my soul.
I in my hand will take my heart, and burn
Sweet perfumes on it to relieve her pain.
I, I have ruined her — O God, save thou !

[He bends his head upon his knees. LILY comes running up to him, stumbling over the graves.]

Lily. Why do they make so many hillocks, father ?
The flowers would grow without them.

Julian. So they would.

Lily. What are they for, then?

Julian (aside). I wish I had not
brought her ;

She *will* ask questions. I must tell her all.

(*Aloud.*) 'Tis where they lay them when the story's
done.

Lily. What! lay the boys and girls?

Julian. Yes, my own child —
To keep them warm till it begin again.

Lily. Is it dark down there?

[*Clinging to JULIAN, and pointing down.*]

Julian. Yes, it is dark ; but pleasant — O, so
sweet!

For out of there come all the pretty flowers.

Lily. Did the church grow out of there, with the
long stalk

That tries to touch the little frightened clouds?

Julian. It did, my darling. There's a door down
there

That leads away to where the church is pointing.

[*She is silent for some time, and keeps looking first down and
then up. JULIAN carries her away in his arms.*]

SCENE XX. — *Portsmouth.* LORD SEAFORD, *partially recovered.*
Enter LADY GERTRUDE *and* BERNARD.

Lady Gertrude. I have found an old friend, father.
Here he is.

Lord S. Bernard! Who would have thought to see
you here!

Bern. I came on Lady Gertrude in the street.
I know not which of us was more surprised.

[LADY GERTRUDE *goes.*

Bern. Where is the countess?

Lord S. Countess! What do
you mean?

I do not know.

Bern. The Italian lady.

Lord S. Countess
Lamballa, do you mean? You frighten me!

Bern. I am glad indeed to know your ignorance;
For since I saw the count, I would not have you
Wrong one gray hair upon his noble head.

[LORD SEAFORD *covers his eyes with his hands.*

You have not then heard the news about yourself?
Such interesting morsels reach the last

A man's own ear. The public has decreed
 You and the countess run away together.
 'Tis certain she has balked the London Argos,
 And that she has been often to your house.
 The count believes it — clearly from his face :
 The man is dying slowly on his feet.

Lord S. (starting up and ringing the bell). O God !
 what am I ? My love burns like hate,
 Scorching and blasting with a fiery breath !

Bern. What the deuce ails you, Seaford ? Are you
 raving ?

Enter WAITER.

Lord S. Post-chaise for London — four horses —
 instantly. [*He sinks exhausted in his chair.*]

SCENE XXI. — *LILY in bed. JULIAN seated by her.*

Lily. O father, take me on your knee, and nurse me.
 Another story is very nearly done.

[*He takes her on his knees.*]

I am so tired ! Think I should like to go
 Down to the warm place that the flowers come from,
 Where all the little boys and girls are lying
 In little beds — white curtains, and white tassels.

No, no, no — it is so dark down there !

Father will not come near me all the night.

Julian. You shall not go, my darling ; I will keep
you.

Lily. O will you keep me always, father dear ?
And though I sleep ever so sound, still keep me ?

I should be so happy, never to move !

'Tis such a dear well place, here in your arms !

Don't let it take me ; do not let me go :

I cannot leave you, father — love hurts so.

Julian. Yes, darling ; love does hurt. It is too
good

Never to hurt. Shall I walk with you now,

And try to make you sleep ?

Lily. Yes — no ; for I should leave you then. O,
my head !

Mother, mother, dear mother ! Sing to me, father.

[He tries to sing.]

O the hurt, the hurt, and the hurt of love !
Wherever the sun shines, the waters go.
It hurts the snowdrop, it hurts the dove,
God on his throne, and man below.

But sun would not shine, nor waters go,
Snowdrop tremble, nor fair dove moan,

God be on high, nor man below,
But for love — for the love with its hurt alone.

Thou knowest, O Saviour, its hurt and its sorrows,
Didst rescue its joy by the might of thy pain :
Lord of all yesterdays, days, and to-morrows,
Help us love on in the hope of thy gain :

Hurt as it may, love on, love forever ;
Love for love's sake, like the Father above,
But for whose brave-hearted Son we had never
Known the sweet hurt of the sorrowful love.

*[She sleeps at last. He sits as before, with the child leaning
on his bosom, and falls into a kind of stupor, in
which he talks.]*

Julian. A voice comes from the vacant, wide sea-
vault :

*Man with the heart, praying for woman's love,
Receive thy prayer : be loved ; and take thy choice :
Take this or this. O Heaven and Earth ! I see —
What is it ? Statue trembling into life
With the first rosy flush upon the skin ?
Or woman-angel, richer by lack of wings ?
I see her — where I know not ; for I see
Nought else : she filleth space, and eyes, and brain —
God keep me ! — in celestial nakedness.*

She leaneth forward, looking down in space,
 With large eyes full of longing, made intense
 By mingled fear of something yet unknown ;
 Her arms thrown forward, circling half ; her hands
 Half lifted, and half circling, like her arms.
 O heavenly artist ! whither hast thou gone
 To find my own ideal womanhood —
 Glory grown grace, divine to human grown !

I hear the voice again : *Speak but the word :*
She will array herself and come to thee.

Lo, at her white foot lie her solar clothes,
Her earthly dress for work and weary rest.

I see a woman-form, laid as in sleep,
 Close by the white foot of the wonderful.
 It is the same shape, line for line, as she.
 Green grass and daisies shadow round her limbs.
 Why speak I not the word ? Clothe thee, and come,
 O infinite woman ! my life faints for thee.

Once more the voice : *Stay ! look on this side first.*
I spake of choice. Look here, O son of man !

Choose then between them. Ah ! ah ! [Silence.]

Her I knew
 Some ages gone ; the woman who did sail

Down a long river with me to the sea ;
Who gave her lips up freely to my lips,
Her body willingly into my arms ;
Came down from off her statue-pedestal,
And was a woman in a common house,
Not beautified by fancy every day,
And losing worship by her gifts to me.
She gave me that white child — what came of her ?
I have forgot. I opened her great heart,
And filled it half-way to the brim with love —
With love half wine, half vinegar and gall —
And so — and so — she — went away and died ?
O God ! what was it ? — something terrible —
I will not stay to choose, nor look again
Upon the beautiful. Give me my wife,
The woman of the old time on the earth.
O lovely spirit, fold not thy parted hands,
Nor let thy hair weep like a sunset-rain
From thy bent brows, shadowing thy snowy breasts !
If thou descend to earth, and find no man
To love thee purely, strongly, in his *will*,
Even as he loves the truth, because he will,
And when he cannot see it beautiful —

Then thou mayst weep, and I will help thee weep.
Voice, speak again, and tell my wife to come.

'Tis she, 'tis she, low-kneeling at my feet !
In the same dress, same flowing of the hair,
As long ago, on earth : is her face changed ?
Sweet, my love rains on thee, like a warm shower ;
My dove descending rests upon thy head ;
I bless and sanctify thee for my own :
Lift up thy face, and let me look on thee.

Heavens, what a face ! 'Tis hers ! It is not hers !
She rises — turns it up from me to God,
With great rapt orbs, and such a brow ! — the stars
Might find new orbits there, and be content.
O blessed lips, so sweetly closed that sure
Their opening must be prophecy or song ;
A high-entranced maiden, ever pure,
And thronged with burning thoughts of God and
Truth !

Vanish her garments ; vanishes the silk
That the worm spun, the linen of the flax —
O heavens ! she standeth there, my statue-form,
With the rich golden torrent-hair, white feet,
And hands with rosy palms — my own ideal !

The woman of *my* world, with deeper eyes
 Than I had power to think — and yet my Lilia,
 My wife, with homely airs of earth about her ;
 And dearer to my heart as my lost wife,
 Than to my soul as its new-found ideal !
 O, Lilia ! teach me ; at thy knees I kneel ;
 Make me thy scholar ; speak, and I will hear.

Yea, all eternity — [*He is roused by a cry from the child.*

Lily. O, father ! put your arms close round about
 me.

Kiss me. Kiss me harder, father dear.

Now ! I am better now.

[*She looks long and passionately in his face. Her eyes close ;
 her head drops backward. She is dead.*

SCENE XXII. — *A cottage-room.* LILIA *folding a letter.*

Lilia. Now I have told him all ; no word kept back
 To burn within me like an evil fire.
 And where I am, I have told him ; and I wait
 To know his will. What though he love me not,
 If I love him ! I will go back to him,
 And wait on him submissive. 'Tis enough
 For one life, to be servant to that man !
 It was but pride — at best, love stained with pride,

That drove me from him. He and my sweet child
Must miss my hands, if not my eyes and heart.
How lonely is my Lily all the day,
Till he comes home and makes her paradise !

I go to be his servant. Every word
That comes from him softer than a command,
I'll count it gain, and lay it in my heart,
And serve him better for it. He will receive me.

SCENE XXIII. — LILY *lying dead*. JULIAN *bending over her*.

Julian. The light of setting suns be on thee, child !
Nay, nay, my child ! the light of rising suns
Is on thee. Joy is with thee — God is Joy ;
Peace to Himself, and unto us deep joy ;
Joy to Himself, in the reflex of our joy.
Love be with thee ! yea God, for He is Love.
Thou wilt need love, even God's, to give thee joy.
Children, they say, are born into a world
Where grief is their first portion : thou, I think,
Never hadst much grief — thy second birth
Into the spirit-world has taught thee grief,
If, orphaned now, thou know'st thy mother's story,
And know'st thy father's hardness. O my God,
Let not my Lily turn away from me.

Now I am free to follow and find *her*.
 Thy truer Father took thee home to Him,
 That He might grant my prayer, and save my wife.
 I thank Him for his gift of thee ; for all
 That thou hast taught me, blessed little child.
 I love thee, dear, with an eternal love.
 And now farewell ! [*Kissing her.*]

No, not farewell ; I come.
 Years keep not back, they lead me on to thee.
 Yes, they will also lead me on to her.

• *Enter a JEW.*

Jew. What is your pleasure with me? Here I am,
 sir.

Fulian. Walk into the next room ; then look at
 this,

And tell me what you'll give for everything. [*JEW goes.*]
 My darling's death has made me almost happy.
 Now, now I follow, follow. I'm young again.
 When I have laid my little one to rest,
 Among the flowers in that same sunny spot,
 Straight from her grave I'll take my pilgrim-way ;
 And, calling up all old forgotten skill,

Lapsed social claims, and knowledge of mankind,
I'll be a man once more in the loud world
Revived experience in its winding ways,
Senses and wits made sharp by sleepless love,
If all the world were sworn to secrecy,
Will guide me to her, sure as questing Death.
I'll follow my wife, follow until I die.
How shall I face the Shepherd of the sheep,
Without the one ewe-lamb He gave to me?
How find her in great Hades if not here,
In this poor little round O of a world?
I'll follow my wife, follow until I find.

Reënter JEW.

Well, how much? Name your sum. Be liberal.

Jew. Let me see this room, too. The things are
all

Old-fashioned and ill-kept. They're worth but little.

Julian. Say what you will — only make haste and
go.

Jew. Say twenty pounds.

Julian. Well, fetch the money at once,
And take possession. But make haste, I pray.

SCENE XXIV. — *The country church-yard.* JULIAN *standing by LILY'S new-filled grave. He looks very worn and ill.*

Julian. Now I can leave thee safely to thy sleep ;
 Thou wilt not wake and miss me, my fair child !
 Nor will they, for she's fair, steal this ewe-lamb,
 Out of this fold, while I am gone to seek
 And find the wandering mother of my lamb.
 I cannot weep ; I know thee with me still.
 Thou dost not find it very dark down there ?
 Would I could go to thee ; I long to go ;
 My limbs are tired ; my eyes are sleepy, too ;
 And fain my heart would cease this beat, beat, beat.
 O gladly would I come to thee, my child,
 And lay my head upon thy little heart,
 And sleep in the divine munificence
 Of thy great love ! But my night has not come :
 She is not rescued yet ; and I must go.

[He turns, but sinks on the grave. Recovering and rising.

Now for the world — that's Italy and her.

SCENE XXV. — *The empty room, formerly LILIA'S.* *Enter*

JULIAN.

Julian. How am I here ? Alas ! I do not know.
 I should have been at sea. Ah ! now I know !

I have come here to die. *[Lies down on the floor.*

Where's Lilia ?

I cannot find her. She is here, I know.

But O these endless passages and stairs,

And dreadful shafts of darkness! Lilia!

Lilia! wait for me, child; I'm coming fast,

But something holds me. Let me go, devil!

My Lilia, have faith; they cannot hurt you.

You are God's child — they dare not touch you, wife.

O pardon me, my beautiful, my own! *[Sings.*

Wind, wind, thou blowest many a drifting thing

From sheltering cove, down to the unsheltered sea;

Thou blowest to the sea my blue sail's wing —

Us to a new, love-lit futurity:

Out to the ocean fleet and float —

Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat.

[While he sings, enter LORD SEAFORD, pale and haggard.

JULIAN descries him suddenly.

What are you, man? O brother, bury me —

There's money in my pocket —

[Emptying the Jew's gold on the floor.

by my child.

[Staring at him.

O! you are Death. Go, saddle the pale horse —
I will not walk — I'll ride. What, skeleton!

I cannot sit him ! ha ! ha ! Hither, brute !
 Here, Lilia, do the lady's task, my child,
 And buckle on my spurs. I'll send him up
 With a gleam through the blue, snorting white foam-
 flakes.

Ah me ! I have not won my golden spurs,
 Nor is there any maid to bind them on :
 I will not ride the horse, I'll walk with thee.

Come, Death, give me thine arm, poor slave !— we'll go.

Lord Seaford (stooping over him). I am Seaford,
 Count.

Julian. Seaford ! What Seaford ? [*Recollecting.*

Seaford ! [*Springing to his feet.*

Where is my wife ?

[*He falls into SEAFORD'S arms. He lays him down.*

Lord S. Had I seen *him*, she had been safe for me.

[*Goes.*

[*JULIAN lies motionless. Insensibility passes into sleep.*
He wakes calm, in the sultry dusk of a summer
evening.

Julian. Still, still alive ! I thought that I was dead.
 I had a frightful dream ! 'Tis gone, thank God !

[*He is quiet a little.*

So then thou didst not take the child away

That I might find my wife ! Thy will be done.
Thou wilt not let me go. This last desire
I send away with grief, but willingly.
I have prayed to thee, and thou hast heard my prayer :
Take thou thine own way, only lead her home.
Cleanse her, O Lord. I cannot know thy might ;
But thou art mighty, with a power unlike
All, all that we know by the name of power,
Transcending it as intellect transcends
The stone upon the ground — it may be more ;
For these are both created — thou creator,
Lonely, supreme.

Now it is almost over,
My spirit's journey through this strange sad world ;
This part is done, whatever cometh next.
Morning and evening have made out their day ;
My sun is going down in stormy dark,
But I will face it fearless.

The first act
Is over of the drama. Is it so ?
What means the dim dawn of half-memories
Of something I knew once and know not now —
Of something differing from all this earth ?

I cannot tell ; I care not — only know
That God will keep the living thing He made.
How mighty must He be to have the right
Of swaying this great power I feel I am,
Moulding and forming it, as pleaseth Him !
O God, I come to thee, thou art my life ;
O God, thou art my home, I come to thee.

Can this be death ? Lo ! I am lifted up
Large-eyed into the night. Nothing I see,
But that which *is*, the living awful Truth ;
All forms of which are but the sparks flung out
From the luminous ocean clothing round the sun,
Himself all dark. Ah ! I remember me :
Christ said to Martha — “ Whosoever liveth,
And doth believe in me, shall never die.”
I wait, I wait, expecting, till the door
Of God’s wide theatre be open flung
To let me in. What wonders I shall see !
The expectation fills me, like new life
Dancing through all my veins.

Once more I thank thee
For all that thou hast made me — most of all,
That thou didst make me wonder and seek thee.

I thank thee for my wife : to thee I trust her ;
 Forget her not, my God. If thou save her,
 I shall be able then to thank thee so
 As will content thee — with full-flowing song,
 The very bubbles on whose dancing waves
 Are daring thoughts flung faithful at thy feet.

My heart sinks in me — I grow faint. O! whence
 This wind of love that fans me out of life ?
 One stoops to kiss me — ah, my lily child !
 God hath not flung thee over his garden wall.

[Reënter LORD SEAFORD with the doctor. JULIAN takes no heed of them. The doctor shakes his head.]

My little child, I'll never leave thee more ;
 We are both children now in God's big house.
 Come, lead me ; you are older here than I
 By three whole days, my darling angel-child !

[A letter is brought in. LORD SEAFORD holds it before JULIAN'S eyes. He looks vaguely at it.]

Lord S. It is a letter from your wife, I think.

Julian (feebly). A letter from my Lilia ! Bury it
 with me —

I'll read it in my chamber, by and by :
 Dear words should not be read with others nigh.
 Lilia, my wife ! I am going home to God.

Lord S. (bending over him). I'll pledge my soul your wife is innocent.

[*JULIAN gazes at him blankly. A light begins to grow in his eyes. It grows till his face is transfigured. It vanishes. He dies.*

END OF PART IV.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

PART V.

AND do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain
More than the father's heart rich good invent ?
Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent,
We know the primrose time will come again ;
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe our pain.
Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent
Is confidence unto the Father lent :
Thy need is sown and rooted for his rain.
His thoughts are as thine own : nor are his ways
Other than thine, but by their loftier sense
Of beauty infinite and love intense.
Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of praise,
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays ;
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

PART V.

A DREAM.

SCENE I. — “*A world not realized.*” LILY. *To her,* JULIAN.

Lily. O FATHER, come with me! I have
found her — mother.

SCENE II. — *A room in a cottage. LILIA on her knees before a crucifix. Her back only is seen, for the Poet dares not look on her face. On a chair beside her lies a book, open at CHAPTER VIII. Behind her stands an ANGEL, bending forward, as if to protect her with his wings partly expanded. Appear JULIAN, with LILY in his arms. LILY looks with love on the angel, and a kind of longing fear on her mother.*

Julian. Angel, thy part is done ; leave her to me.

Angel. Sorrowful man, to thee I must give place ;
Thy ministry is stronger far than mine ;
Yet have I done my part. She sat with him.
He gave her rich white flowers with crimson scent,
The tuberose and datura ever burning
Their incense to the dusky face of night.
He spoke to her pure words of lofty sense,

But tinged with poison for a tranced ear.
He bade low music sound of faint farewells,
Which fixed her eyes upon a leafy picture,
Wherein she wandered through an amber twilight
Towards a still grave in a sleepy nook.
And ever and anon she sipped pale wine,
Rose-tinged, rose-odored, from a silver cup.
He sang a song, each pause of which closed up,
Like a day-wearied daisy for the night,
With these words falling like an echo low :
“ Love, let us love and weep and faint and die.”
With the last pause the tears flowed at their will,
Without a sob, down from their cloudy skies.
He took her hand in his, and it lay still.
A blast of music from a wandering band
Billowed the air with sudden storm that moment.
The visible rampart of material things
Was rent — the vast eternal void looked in
Upon her awe-struck soul. She cried and fled.
It was the sealing of her destiny.
A wild convulsion shook her inner world ;
Its lowest depths were heaved tumultuously ;
Far unknown molten gulfs of being rushed

Up into mountain-peaks, rushed and remained.
The soul that led a fairy life, athirst
For beauty only, passed into a woman's :
In pain and tears was born the child-like need
For God, for Truth, and for essential Love.
But first she woke in terror ; was alone,
For God she saw not ; woke up in the night,
The great wide night. No mother's hand had she
To soothe her pangs, no father's voice to cheer.
She would not come to thee ; for love itself
Too keenly stung her sad, repentant heart,
Giving her bitter names to name herself ;
But calling back old words which thou hadst spoken
In other days, by light winds borne away,
Returning in the storm of wretchedness,
Hither she came to seek her Julian's God.
So now farewell ! My care of her is over.

Julian. A heart that knows what thou canst never
know,
Fair angel, blesseth thee, and saith, farewell.

[*The angel goes. JULIAN and LILY take his place. LILIA
is praying, and they hear parts of her prayer.*

Lilia. O Jesus, hear me ! Let me speak to thee.

No fear oppresses me ; for misery
Fills my heart up too full for any fear.

Is there no help, O Holy ? Am I stained
Beyond release ?

Julian. Lilia, thy purity-
Maketh thy heart abuse thee. I, thy husband,
Sinned more against thee, in believing ill,
Than thou, by ten times what thou didst, poor child,
Hadst wronged thy husband.

Lilia. .. Pardon will not do ;
I need much more, O Master. That word *go*
Surely thou didst not speak to send away
The sinful wife thou wouldst not yet condemn !
Or was that crime, though not too great for pardon,
Too great for loving-kindness afterwards ?
Certain, she came again behind thy feet,
And weeping, wiped, and kissed them, Mary's son !
Blessed forever with a heavenly grief.
Ah ! she nor I can claim with her who gave
The best she had, her tears, her hair, her lips,
To soothe feet hard with Galilean roads :
She sinned against herself, not against — Julian.

O God, O God, find some excuse for me.

Wilt thou not find something to say for me,
As for the crowd that cried against thee, then,
When heaven was dark, because thy lamp burned
low ?

Julian. Not thou, but I am guilty, Lilia.
I made it possible to tempt thee, child.
Thou didst not fall, beloved ; only, one moment
Beauty was queen, and Truth not lord of all.

Lilia. O Julian, my husband — it is strange —
But when I think of Him, He looks like thee ;
And when He speaks to comfort me, the voice
Is like thy voice, my husband, my beloved !
O ! if I could but lie down at thy feet,
And tell thee all, yes, every word, I know
That thou wouldst think the best that could be
thought,

And love and comfort me. O Julian,
I am more thine than ever. Forgive me, husband,
For calling me, defiled and outcast, thine.
Yet may I not be thine as I am His ?
Would I might be thy servant — yes, thy slave,
To wash thy feet, and dress thy lovely child,
And bring her at thy call — more wife than I.

But I shall never see thee, till the earth
Lies on us both — apart — O, far apart !
How lonely shall I lie the long, long years !

Lily. O mother, there are blue skies here, and
flowers,
And blowing winds, and kisses, mother dear.
And every time my father kisses me,
It is not father only, but Another.
Make haste and come. My head never aches here.

Lilia. Can it be that they are dead ? Is it possible ?
I feel as if they were near me ! Speak again,
Beloved voices ! comfort me ; I need it.

Julian (singing).

Come to us ; above the storm
Ever shines the blue.
Come to us : beyond its form
Ever lies the True. \

Lily (singing).

Mother, darling, do not weep -
All I cannot tell :
By and by, you'll go to sleep,
And you'll wake so well.

Julian (singing).

There is sunshine everywhere
For thy heart and mine :

God, for every sin and care,
Is the cure divine.

Lily (singing).

We're so happy all the day,
Waiting for another :
All the flowers and sunshine stay,
Waiting for you, mother.

Julian. My maiden ! for true wife is maiden ever
To the true husband : thou art mine forever.

Lilia. What gentle hopes are passing to and fro !
Thou shadowest me with thine own rest, my God ;
A cloud from thee stoops down and covers me.

[*She falls asleep on her knees.*]

SCENE III. — JULIAN *on the summit of a mountain-peak.* *The stars are brilliant around a crescent moon, hanging half-way between the mountain and the sky. Below lies a sea of vapor. Beyond rises a loftier pinnacle, across which is stretched a bar of cloud. LILY lies on the cloud, looking earnestly into the mist below.*

Julian (gazing upwards). And thou wert with me
all the time, my God,
Even as now ! I was not far from thee.
Thy spirit spoke in all my wants and fears,
And hopes and longings. Thou art all in all.
I am not mine, but thine. I cannot speak
The thoughts that work within me like a sea.

When on the earth I lay, crushed down beneath
The hopeless weight of empty desolation,
Thy sympathizing face was lighted then
With expectation of my joy to come,
When all the realm of possible ill should lie
Under my feet, and I should stand as now
All-sure of thee, true-hearted, only One.
Was ever heart filled to such overflowing
With the pure wine of blessedness, my God ?
Filled as the night with stars, am I with joys ;
Filled as the heavens with thee, am I with peace ;
For now I wait the end of all my prayers,
Of all that have to do with old-world things :
What new things come to wake new prayers, my God,
Thou knowest, and I wait in perfect peace.

[He turns his gaze downwards. From the fog-sea below half rises a woman-form, which floats towards him.]

Lo, as the lily lifts its shining bosom
Above the couch of waters where it slept,
When the bright morn toucheth and waketh it ;
So riseth up my lily from the deep
Where human souls are tried in awful dreams.

[LILY spies her mother, darts down into the fog, and is caught in her arms. They land on JULIAN'S peak, and climb, LILY leading her mother.]

Lily. Come faster, mother dear ; father is waiting.

Lilia. Have patience with me, darling. By and by,
I think I shall do better. O my Julian !

Julian. I may not help her. She must climb and
come.

*[He reaches his hand, and the three are clasped in infinite
embrace.]*

O God, thy thoughts, thy ways, are not as ours :
They fill our longing hearts up to the brim.

*[The moon and the stars and the blue night close around
them ; and the Poet awakes from his dream.]*

THE END.

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